

the man's home companion!

75¢

(AADC)

ADULT READING

Adam

VOL. 12 NO. 5

**MARIE ANTOINETTE'S
BIZARRE BEDTIME FROLICS**

**ADAM'S GUIDE
TO SEDUCTION**

**A SEX THING
FROM OUTER SPACE**



Cara Peters confesses her desire
to cut it up . . . See page 4

FICTION

- LEST WE DIE** William G. Tedford 8
There was always a thing humans could do to keep life going
- THE FIRST ONE** Charles E. Larsen 26
The frontline replacement wanted to know: "Is it hard to kill a man?"
- A COMPANY MAN** Jack Lynch 54
He had a woman at each end of the phone—a very busy line!
- A MATTER OF A SOLDIER'S ETIQUETTE** Gary Paulsen 58
Ta screw up in combat meant death—it was as simple as that

ARTICLES

- QUEEN OF LUST** Peter Kanto 10
Did Marie Antoinette really lose her head—over men?
- GEORGE BLAKE: RUSSIA'S TOP DOUBLE AGENT** George Liu 22
The story of one hot spy who escaped from the cooler
- CONFESSIONS OF A DOTTLE KNOCKER** Harold Gauer 74
Pipe-smoking is one of the few distinguishing marks left to the male

HUMOR

- DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE?** Lou Razze 14
A reliable index to the bed-ability of women
- ADAM'S TALES** 78
Just-far-fun stories to put you in a good humor

MOVIE

- THE FOX** Claridge Pictures 46
A lesbian theme and Sandy Dennis add up to a sizzling combination

PICTORIAL

- MEDI-CARA** Kirk Havsepian 4
Cara Peters provides strange medicine for a weak pulse
- TONI DES YEUX VERTES*** Irv Carsten 18
Toni Marie is a gorgeous green-eyed eye stapper
- STARR LIGHT, STARR BRIGHT** Ron Vogel 38
Chris Starr really shines as she reveals her lucky Starr dimensions
- SULTRY SOPHIA** RBK 70
Miss Bergman from Asia Minor majors in sex appeal

DEPARTMENTS

- ADAM TURNS ON HISTORY** Earl Marshall 35
A golden rain of pleasure produced a fine crap
- DEAR ADAM** 52
Our readers express their opinions
- THINGS TO COME** 83
Next month's ADAM in a nutshell



Catch the reflections of green-eyed beauty, Toni Marie... see page 18

MERRILL MILLER, Editor / BOB BLACKBURN, Associate Editor / MILTON VAN SICKLE, Articles Editor / ALVARO CARDONA, Fiction Editor / ROBERT E. KING, Photo Editor / FRANK EDWARD LEE, Art Director / ALBERT SEKOTE, Copy Editor / FRANK BEAUPRE, JAKE BARNES, CYRUS W. BELL, GILLIAN DOW, DAVE JAMPEL, DAVID MADLEY, Contributing Editors / MARILYN SHELL, Editorial Assistant.

ADAM MAGAZINE, Volume 12, No. 5, May, 1968 issue. Published monthly by Knight Publishing Corp. Business Offices: 8000 Melrose, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046. Editorial material to: P.O. Box 69912, Los Angeles, California 90069. Contents Copyright © 1968 by Knight Publishing Corporation. Representatives for Western Europe: A. B. Algemeen Boekbedrijf, Middenweg 175, Bosbus 4134, Amsterdam—O, Holland. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission. Printed in the U.S.A. Return postage should accompany unsolicited manuscripts and pictures: the publisher accepts no responsibility for return. Any similarity between people and places mentioned in the fiction and semi-fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental.

She was built for dancing, so the medical profession lost a girl in white—and we gained Cara!

MEDI-CARA




CARA PETERS really had the ambition to be a surgeon when she was a school girl in Paris and she still would like someday to go to "med school." But meantime she's a dancer in "many TV shows." (She was too young to appear in the "Ben Casey" or "The Doctors and the Nurses" series!) Cara tells she believes that love is mainly a "physical" thing, stating emphatically, "I like a big man." However, she says she hasn't yet "met anyone who really was that interesting." She says that her "secret desire" is "to have many lovers," and she listed no "favorite books" because, "I don't read much . . ." ☼



Cara put us on by giving her "number that is most easily reached" as 38-22-36 . . .







Telsa had to save the mission from destruction because of Heroq's passion to remain a Homo sapien

Telsa stood before the reflector screen and surveyed herself with a practiced smile, a trace of quiet horror running through her mind. She ran the palms of her hands over smooth, flaring hips, gently probed the soft expanse of her stomach with the tips of her fingers and kneaded the flesh of soft but firm breasts. She moved her limbs and arched her torso and watched the subtle play of muscles sliding beneath her skin. ■ "Grotesque." Telsa turned as the thought stabbed through her mind. She executed the movement smoothly. Her coordination was improving.

— turn to page 44



LEST WE DIE

by William G. Tedford

Was Marie Antoinette a victim of character assassination, or did she diddle?

IT IS A COMMONLY accepted belief that Marie Antoinette was one of the great swingers of all time. She is often ranked with Valeria Messalina who, at the age of sixteen, married the Roman Emperor Claudius and began to make nymphomantic history. Antoinette is also mentioned as a match for Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, who admitted to a dozen lovers and was suspected of hundreds. ■ The Roman historian Juvenal tells us that Messalina supplied her husband with attractive housemaids for his bed and then, to satisfy her own needs, would disguise herself, enter a brothel, receive all comers and pocket the cash, thus having all the fun and getting all the gravy, too. Catherine, it is said, advised six beddings a day. Her name is forever linked with sexual excess, both heterosexual and homosexual, with a touch of voyeurism

—turn the page

QUEEN of LUST?

by Peter Kanto





thrown in. One report states that the Empress of all the Russias died in bed, not alone, but in the act of copulation.

Messalina and Catherine make fast company, indeed, for the Austrian bride of Louis XVI. However, there is one body of material of a quasi-historical nature which, if factual, would make the last queen of France the greatest swinger of the Western World. In a section of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* in Paris, a section called "The Hell," there are reams of material describing Marie Antoinette as the most immoral of all in an age not noted for chastity.

Consider this verse from a street song about Antoinette:

*Here lies the immodest Manon
Who still in her mother's womb
Knew how to place herself
To have sexual relations
her father.*

And that's a bowdlerized translation, for the French invented many of the terms which describe carnal activity, terms which are still frowned upon in print.

In song, in verse, in the form of dramatic productions which never were produced in public, in fiction and in so-called "official" reports, Marie Antoinette was the victim of what was, perhaps, the most devastating character assassination of which there is record. Jean Hervez presented, for example, an alleged police report written during the time Antoinette was held prisoner, with the rest of the royal family and attendants, in The Tem-

ple. With Antoinette were Marie Therese Louise De Savoie-Carignan, the Princesse De Lamballe and another royal lady, Madame Tourzel. It is easy to recognize the florid style of Eighteenth Century pornography in the following sample of that "police report."

"The Queen had her sweet female friends lodged quite near her. She took advantage of their availability to have them use their light hands to caress gracefully and with dexterity the lovable groto where so many heroes had lodged the tree of life. As she was being caressed, the Queen pressed to her burning breast the portrait of the seductive Count d'Artois."

The count was a relative of the king, and in popular belief, one of the lovers of Antoinette.

"A few sighs uttered at the height of passion," the police report continues, "brought the scene to the attention of the guards in the next room, separated from the Queen by a thin wall. The guards found a crack to peek through. They could see distinctly all the movements of the Queen of France."

"Madame Tourzel, lying on the bed with Antoinette, presented the Queen her bosom to caress while she with her lithe finger rubbed vigorously the nipple of one of the Queen's tits." (Author's note: Use of the French word *titon* seems to indicate, along with the later description of acts and functions of specific anatomical details, that there was, perhaps, intent to arouse the reader sexually as well as politically. In short, this alleged police re-

port would seem to be the work of a professional writer of licentious material.)

"Princess Lamballe," the account continues, "was at the foot of the bed and with her right hand explored the Venus bush which became often moist with a sweet dew. Lamballe's left hand slapped gently and in cadence one of the royal buttocks. The Queen made convulsive movements which betrayed her state of lust."

"The guards saw Princess Lamballe draw from her clothing a sort of *godemichie* (dildo) which she inserted into that part of her which makes all male delights. Madame Tourzel tied the *godemichie* around the contour of Lamballe's hips with a wide ribbon which contrasted in bright scarlet to the marvelous whiteness of skin. Tourzel, in her turn, put on a similar instrument. In this outfit the two women got onto the bed, Antoinette seizing them and holding them tightly. A thousand kisses made the scene worthy of the daughter of Maria Theresa."

"The three women, half-drunk with ecstasy, began the sacrifice which they could only imitate, Lamballe lay beneath, the instrument with which she was armed destined to make its way between the Austrian buttocks. Tourzel made her way to that obscure pit of the woods of Cythera. The Queen, thus between two fires, imagined that she was being serviced by both d'Artois and Lafayette. Her loving and burning tongue sought refreshment on the curved lips of her sweet friends. Lasciviousness transported the three Graces and the Gods saw them move wildly and then fall into sweet lassitude at the end of the sacrifice. For a few moments, they appeared unconscious."

It takes little imagination to decide that most of this so-called police report would not be admissible in any modern Western court. How, for example, did the voyeuristic guards, watching from an adjoining room through a convenient crack in the wall of the Royal dwelling, know that Antoinette imagined "that she was being serviced by both d'Artois and Lafayette?"

But Marie Antoinette and the entire concept of royalty were not on trial in a proper court of law. They were being tried in the seething caldron of public opinion, scalded by the steaming emotions generated during the French Revolution. Quite wrongly, Antoinette was blamed for the state of the French economy. It was illogical but useful for revolutionaries to say that Marie

Adam



"Now I've got to think of a reasonable excuse for getting so little work done."

Antoinette's extravagances had bankrupted the state.

As a part of the court, Antoinette was naturally against many of the reforms of the revolution. She was hated by the revolutionaries for several reasons: first because she was Austrian. Even when the young Antoinette was married to the heir to the French throne on May 16, 1770, she was unpopular in France because of past wars and national rivalry. The marriage did little to strengthen the temporary alliance between France and Austria, a friendship which ended with France declaring war on Austria on April 20, 1792.

Some historians agree that Antoinette was a victim of circumstance, powerless before the strong tide of *liberte* which was running against royal rule the world over. She would have been hated by the revolutionaries if she had been pure as a Madonna, and, like most royal women of the Eighteenth Century, she was not above a romantic adventure. Louis XVI, her husband, is not remembered as one of the fine lovers of the century of *amour, toujours amour*. In fact, he was said by some to be frigid. He was unable to produce an heir immediately. Thus, when Marie gave birth to children, eyebrows were raised and parentage was questioned. Marie had not been overly discreet, seeking companionship and amusement with court favorites of dubious reputation.

However, aside from documentation of some gay parties at courts, the bulk of the damnation which has been heaped on the head of the last queen of France was in the form of whispers and popular rumor. This folk knowledge of Marie Antoinette's misbehavior, true or false—or partially true—makes up an interesting array of pamphlets, libels, verses, songs, plays which were used as weapons in the war against royal rule. Public resentment against Marie Antoinette could not have failed to play a part in the final overthrow of the royal family.

From 1789 on, the royal family were virtual prisoners in Paris. Louis XVI was curiously irresolute and it was left to Antoinette to play an active part in intrigues to liberate her family. Her moral character had been attacked openly by a highly placed personage, Louis Philippe, duc d'Orleans, and the underground campaign to convince the people that they had a whore for a queen was at its height. Daringly illustrated pamphlets showed the queen in acts of copulation, showed her engaged in every form of

sexual perversion. Actually, with the birth of her daughter Marie Therese Charlotte in 1778 and of the dauphin Louis in October of 1781, Antoinette had begun to live a much quieter life. It was too late.

The Affair of the Diamond Necklace, which Napoleon regarded as one of the causes of the French Revolution, had gravely weakened the French monarchy. Much has been written about that affair. Briefly, it involved a bastard daughter of Henry II, the Comtesse de La Motte, and the Cardinal de Rohan.

La Motte convinced the cardinal, who was out of favor in the French court, that he could endear himself to Antoinette by buying for her a diamond necklace worth 1,600,000 livres. La Motte's plan was to trick the cardinal into buying the necklace, pose as his intermediary with the queen and seize the necklace herself. La Motte forged letters from Antoinette and went so far as to hire a prostitute to pose as the queen in the gardens of Versailles.

Antoinette, who was blameless in the scandal which exploded over the valuable necklace, was later linked with Rohan in an amusing, if licentious, work of pornography called *The Royal Whorehouse*. This work is illustrative of the venom with which the queen was attacked. The scene of the work is the queen's apartments at Versailles and it is presented as a dialog, beginning with the queen and her chambermaid.

In summary, the queen refers contemptuously to the people of Paris as "the frogs along the Seine" and shows her muliebrity by looking forward to a visit in one evening from the Chevalier of B—, the Baron of B—, the Marquess of H— and the Bishop of R—, the last being, of course, a churchman, as was the principal of the diamond necklace affair, the Cardinal of Rohan. The queen orders her maid to prepare bouillon so that she might regain her strength after a first round of pleasure with her three callers. It is also intimated that the maid, herself, is one of the queen's lovers.

The maid speaks, "I'm going, but be careful you don't do it too much. Just let the Bishop of R— work on you. He's a stud worth any four others."

Antoinette says, "Don't worry. Six of their sort wouldn't frighten me at all."

(Antoinette goes into the apartment where she finds the three men completely naked with their weapons at the ready. The queen is beside herself with joy. She wants to be naked, too. In her eagerness to reveal the seat of the virginity she lost three years before her marriage, she cuts her laces, heedless of the fact that she will need them to attach her underskirt when she is ready to be dressed again. The Chevalier de B— shows his privates and sings.)

Chevalier de B—:

"Good evening Antoinette
— turn to page 62



A bedroom barometer to tell you weather or not!

DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE?

(An Infallible Guide)

by Lou Razze



How many times on that first date have you gazed searchingly into her eyes and asked yourself that eternal question: Does She Or Doesn't She? (Any relationship between our question here and that posed by the Clairol Company is purely one of greed and bad taste.) This single query has haunted mankind throughout the ages. Indeed, it may have been the first thought Adam had of Eve, Caesar of Cleopatra and Porky Pig of Petunia.

Here at last is a guide that answers this gnawing question for you; a guide that will take the guesswork out of your love life; an invaluable aid that can save you time, money and oftentimes — embarrassment. Now for the first time — an accurate barometer of whether your date will end in a storm — or a brilliant burst of sunshine.

We have spared no costs in compiling this scientific information. Hidden microphones were placed in hun-

dreds of motels, parked automobiles, caves, office Christmas parties, hay lofts, movie balconies, the Pomona Old Folks Home, under rocks, and in a pear tree.

SHE DOES if you're at her pad digging Rachmaninoff on her Ampex and she tells you she wants to slip into something more comfortable. A few seconds later she comes out of the bedroom wearing one of those new

—turn the page



paper dressing gowns — except this one's made of clear cellophane.

SHE DOESN'T if you proposition her in a bar — and she flashes a badge.

SHE DOES if you:

(1) Tell her you're a musician and she says, "Musicians always stimulate me."

(b) Tell her you're an accountant and she says, "Accountants always stimulate me."

(c) Tell her you're a leper and she says, "Lepers always stimulate me."

SHE DOESN'T if she's the President's daughter and there are always a dozen secret service men hanging around — unless you're a secret service man and you're always hanging around.

SHE DOESN'T if she's an airline stewardess.

ardess or a Bryn Mawr senior and she turns down your first request for a date — but hastily changes her mind after you casually mention you're on the board of General Motors and your father owns Idaho.

SHE DOESN'T if she plays trumpet in a Salvation Army band.

SHE DOES if she tells you she has never loved anyone as passionately as she loved her old boyfriend, Manheim. And several Black Russians later she turns to you and smiles, "Ya know, you remind me a lot of Manheim."

SHE DOESN'T if there's a nice moon and you invite her for a drive out to the lake and she says she'd rather go over to the local Moose Club — where there's a lecture on, "Social Diseases and Their Prevention."

SHE DOES if she tells you she's been through psychoanalysis — and it was successful in "freeing her."

SHE DOESN'T if she thinks Ed Sullivan is the most exciting man in show business today.

SHE DOES if she's a social worker — but only if you're a Negro.

SHE DOESN'T if she takes you home to meet mom and mom is blonde, quite young, 38"-26"-34" — and a divorcee. During the course of the evening mom playfully comments on the "cute way you wear your hair" and "your nice physique." Finally, she sends her daughter out on an errand — to Boston. (In this case you don't get the daughter — but what-the-hell?)

SHE DOES if she tells you she's a virgin.

(NOTE: This last is not, as you may think, a simple facetious assertion on our part. Your researchers have found that many modern girls consider the word "virgin" a relative term. They feel that if a week or so goes by sans intimacies that they automatically revert to the hallowed state. Also, we found that about 20% of females interviewed felt that the fact they never made it with a longshoreman — on Tuesdays — during a strike — was also a strong argument for their claim to purity. Conclusion: "Virgins are a darn good bet.")

SHE DOESN'T if you get an icy stare after you tell her you've just finished a book on Scandinavian mythology and your favorite character was the queen of the gods — Frigg.

SHE DOES if she has a shape like Kate Smith.

SHE DOESN'T if —

(a) You reach over to caress her and she says, "You're hurting me."

(b) You try to kiss her and she says, "You're hurting me."

(c) You reach over to offer her a cigarette and she says, "You're hurting me."

SHE DOES if during a passionate embrace she whispers hoarsely, "Stop it..." Then draws you closer.

SHE DOESN'T if you make your play and she suddenly sits up and begins telling you about her gall bladder operation.

SHE DOES if she tickles your palm with her middle finger when she shakes hands with you.

Adam



"I won't be able to play poker tonight, Jim. The wife's out of town and I'm getting ready to do some dishes!"

SHE DOESN'T if she thinks phallic symbol is a Greek philosopher.

SHE DOES if you make a pass at her and she says, "What kind of a girl do you think I am?" You tell her and she says, "Well, as long as we understand each other . . ."

SHE DOESN'T if she wears Dr. Scholl's Orthopedic Shoes.

SHE DOES if she's a succulent little redheaded hitchhiker you've picked up in your MG and while you're speeding down a lonely road she asks if she can shift gears for you. You say yes and she reaches for the stick near your leg and "accidentally" misses. She giggles, "I never did know much about cars."

SHE DOESN'T (not to you anyway) if after you've blown fifty bucks on your first date to impress her she won't let you kiss her good night because "there's - this - fella - see - I've - really - broken - up - with - him - and - I've - been - trying - to - forget - him - and - I - really - love - going - out - with - you - but - anything - more - than - that - would - make - me - feel - guilty" type thing. Beware of this situation! What's happening is that the old boyfriend is tired of her—but when there's nothing better shaking he still pops over for a quick *schlepp*. She really does feel guilty about having an affair with more than one guy at a time. She will *not*, however, feel guilty about having you spend your hard-earned skeets on her and entertaining her until Mr. Big calls her from the bench again.

SHE DOES if she has just arrived at your apartment and as you're helping her off with her coat she begins panting and tearing at you. Then she pushes you on to the sofa and moans, "I give up . . . you're just too strong for me."

SHE DOESN'T if you take her to the zoo and looks at you in disgust when the monkeys start doing what monkeys always do at zoos.

SHE DOES if she tells you her husband don't understand her.

SHE DOESN'T if you've finally wrestled her into a reclining position and she starts whistling "The Star Spangled Banner."

SHE DOES if —

(a) She says, "Give me *one* good reason why I should"—and you give her two, or —

(b) She says, "No." You say, "Give me *one* good reason." And she can't.

SHE DOESN'T if you're a young stud just out of basic training and you haven't seen a girl in weeks. She's a doll you went to high school with. You're parked on a lonely road and you're so horny you feel like an elk. Perspiring heavily you shoot her your best lines, including the bit that you may not ever come back from "over there." (Even though you're in Special Services and you've been assigned to duty in Hawaii.) You reach over to make your play and she suddenly sits up and looking at the clock on your dashboard yells, "Holy bananas! It's almost ten o'clock and Sonny and Cher are on TV tonight. If we hurry we can still get home in time to see them!"


SHE DOES if she argues she has

to know a guy for awhile before she can consider anything serious. You ask how long that'll take. She replies, "Would twenty minutes be too long?"

SHE DOESN'T if while you're standing in front of her apartment with her, the girl she rooms with — a big ugly, butch-like creature — flings open the door and threatens to break every bone in your body if she ever catches you around there again.

SHE DOES if you've just met her and you spend the rest of the evening plying her with food, drinks and your sharpest lines and at evening's end — she quotes you a price.

SHE DOESN'T if she says you look repulsive in tight pants.

SHE DOES if she invites you to take them off. 



"Waddaya mean, my wife is suffering from nymphomania? I'm the one wha's suffering from it."



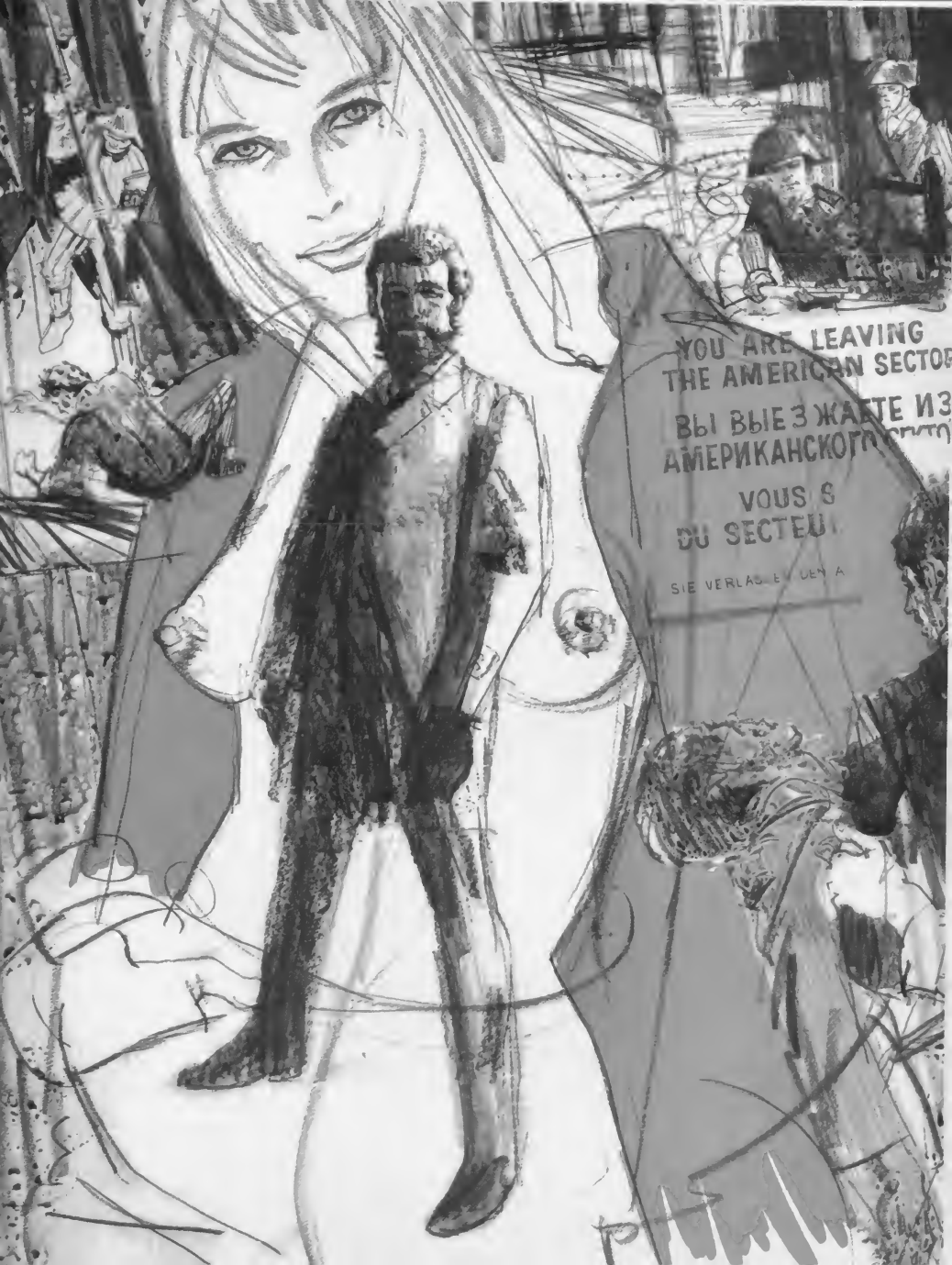


TONI DES YEUX VERTS*

(*Of the green eyes.) That's Tonie Marie, who is Parisienne from toe to tip, all five feet four and 35-23-36 of her. And what they say about this French gal is — oui! Toni's just turned twenty (neatly turned), and she's just six months away from her native France. She loves the USA and hopes to stay, but her voice goes soft when she recalls the light and gay international life she led in the City of Light — international since the young crowd in Paris comes from almost every country to study art, music, literature — and each other. ☼



Being of the Nouvelle Vague des Femmes (new wave in chicks), French-bred Toni Marie is at home in our new nudity. Her favorite indoor game is "Georgie Orgie"—and free love? "I love it!"



YOU ARE LEAVING
THE AMERICAN SECTOR

ВЫ ВЫЕЗЖАЕТЕ ИЗ
АМЕРИКАНСКОГО СЕКТОРА

VOUS S
DU SECTEUR

SIE VERLASSEN DEN A

The twisted trail of a spy who crossed the bridge from West to East

IT WAS RAINING heavily on London and the 317 prisoners in D Hall of Wormwood Scrubs Prison were being kept indoors on Saturday, October 22, 1966. The 5 p.m. roll check had just been taken, and since everything seemed to be normal, all of the prisoners were being released from their individual cells for a two-hour "free association" period. Some men would spend this time playing checkers and talking to the other inmates, others would complete lessons for various correspondence courses or read books from the prison library. Two hundred and ten prisoners were escorted by two guards to another wing of Wormwood Scrubs where they were going to see a current movie with other convicts. The remaining 107 were being kept in D Hall, where most of them were

— turn the page

GEORGE BLAKE: RUSSIA'S TOP DOUBLE AGENT

by George Liu



watching the wrestling matches on television.

George Blake had watched the matches for several minutes before he turned to a guard and angrily spoke out: "All those matches are phony. They're all rigged."

The guard nodded his head indifferently, then replied, "Well, you don't have to watch them if you don't

Although he had been off the "escape list"—a file of all prisoners who had attempted to escape or those who were regarded as potential escapees—for over four years, the governor of the prison wouldn't give him the freedom of movement the other inmates had. Unconsciously, Blake glanced at the two guards supervising the men. Both were watching the tele-

gized, "Sorry, I'm going back to my cell. I've got to finish my Arabic lesson."

At the foot of the stairs, Blake cautiously turned his head back to see if any guard or prisoner was watching him. No one was looking. It took him only a dozen seconds to reach the second floor of the building. Walking between the rows of cells, Blake discovered that he was the only person on the floor.

There was a large, iron-barred window, its glass partly broken, at the end of the corridor. Blake walked up to it, stooped down, and ran his right hand down the central iron bar. Near the floor his hand stopped at a strip of dark adhesive tape which had been wrapped around the bar several times. Blake had placed it there to conceal a cut in the cast iron.

Blake waited a minute until the men below him let out a yell. It took only a few kicks with his boot to bend the cut bar far enough out of shape to allow his body to squeeze through. The ground was twenty feet below him. Blake swung his legs out as he leaped and landed on a parapet covering an entrance to D Hall. With one more short jump he was on the ground.

"The guard," Blake quietly spoke to himself and kept low near the parapet, waiting. A few minutes passed, and then a lone figure decked out in rain gear and carrying a flashlight passed by. The guard swung the light towards the parapet but didn't see the figure huddling there.

"Eight minutes, just eight minutes." Blake was thinking of the small amount of time he had left for his escape. "Eight minutes to get to the wall and to get out."

The guard disappeared in the rain.

Blake hurdled a short hedge and ran towards the wall twenty yards away. As he approached it, he saw the ladder hanging down next to the bricks. It was made of nylon and each rung was reinforced with a long, grey knitting needle.

One, two, three... up the twenty rungs Blake slowly climbed. His mind was counting off the minutes before the guard would return. He reached the top of the wall and then pushed his body off the narrow ledge. It was a drop, twenty feet straight down to the ground. Blake made a quick roll on his side as he landed to take the shock off his legs. This was a trick he had learned twenty years before when he was instructing British agents who were being air-dropped in Nazi-held territory. Blake's blue prison uniform was thoroughly soaked when he got



Scotland Yard released this photo of double agent George Blake, serving a 42-year sentence, when he escaped from Wormwood Scrubs Prison on Oct. 22, 1966.

want to. Is there supposed to be anything better on?"

"Hell no. Right now there's just those rigged matches." Blake turned his eyes back to the screen but he couldn't keep his mind on the action. For a moment he thought about the movie in the other wing of the prison, but he knew he would never be allowed out of D Hall by the guards.

vision.

Blake stayed in the main hall for a few more minutes and then started to walk towards the exit as the men were yelling for their favorites. The two guards didn't see him leave.

"Hey, George, stay and watch the TV," a prisoner called.

Blake didn't turn around to see who was addressing him, but quietly apolo-

up and tried to look through the heavy rain.

At 7 p.m. the prisoners of D Hall were returned to their cells for the evening count. At 7:10 a guard noticed that a cell on the second floor was empty. However, a few prisoners usually lagged behind, so it was ignored. Ten minutes later, the cell was still empty and so the Governor of the prison and the main gate were notified. A quick search of the grounds was made and the nylon ladder was found hanging inside the wall. A guard also found a lot of pink chrysanthemums outside the prison which had been placed next to the wall where the ladder had been thrown over. At 7:43 Scotland Yard was noti-

rank of captain in the British Royal Army during World War I. When Egypt became an English Protectorate, his father became a British citizen. Catherine Beijderwellen, his mother, came from a Protestant family in Holland.

In 1935 George traveled to Cairo where he lived with an aunt and her rich husband. It was there that he was taught the English language.

Blake's return to Rotterdam came only a few months before Adolph Hitler launched his armies against the nations of Europe. For several months of uneasy peace he lived with his grandmother while continuing his education. Blake was just under eighteen when the invasion of Holland

that his feelings were genuine and he was recruited as a courier. For two years Blake bicycled around the countryside while carrying messages for the underground fighters.

In the spring of 1942 Blake rode his bicycle to a drop point where he was to pick up some coded messages. Instead, there was a large envelope placed there. Tearing open the envelope, he discovered that it contained an assortment of official-looking documents. There was one piece of paper on which was written: "The Movement has been betrayed. Get out of the country before the Gestapo arrests you. Use these false papers."

Blake immediately jumped on his bicycle and started to pedal to the



On the left is a bearded George Blake when he was British Vice-Consul in Seoul as he was released with other Britons by the North Koreans in April, 1953.

fied and an urgent message went out: *Find George Blake.*

It was Sunday when the English people heard the news. George Blake, the man who worked as a double agent for the Russians for nine and a half years while serving as a British intelligence officer, had escaped from prison.

George Blake was a man who had no strong national loyalties. He was born as George Behar in Rotterdam in 1922. Albert William Behar, his father, was an Egyptian Jew who had spent five years in the French Foreign Legion and had earned the

came. His mother, who had married an English diplomat after her first husband died, and his two sisters were able to cross the Channel into Great Britain before the Nazi storm troopers overrun the small nation.

Since it was dangerous for Blake to remain in Rotterdam, he fled to Warnsveld in eastern Holland, where he lived with an uncle. It was there that Blake was introduced to the clandestine activities that would have an impact on his life. While living under the name of Pieter de Vries, he was contacted by the Dutch underground, which had learned of his anti-German feelings. They discovered

south. He did not stop at his uncle's home, but traveled quickly into Belgium and then into France. Blake had boarded a train heading for the Pyrenees region of France when he was stopped by a Nazi guard who demanded to see his papers. Silently Blake handed over several of the forged documents he had received. One gave his age as 16 years. The guard was satisfied, and let him continue riding on the train.

Near the French-Spanish border, he made contact with an "underground railroad" which had helped downed

— turn to page 32

Thom watched the reeds. He watched for movement. There was none and it wasn't at all like duck hunting...

The day began with a red streak under the brushed-over sky clouds and the air was thick and heavy with a damp greenness and there was a flower smell, too, and he began to sweat and a mosquito flew into his ear and buzzed and he shook his head and the heavy helmet worked like a counterweight and he couldn't shake his head quickly. A bunch of gnats hovered in front of him and he raised his hand and brushed them away and he didn't move fast because then

—turn the page

THE FIRST ONE

by Charles E. Larsen





he might be in the iron sights and then a bullet might come with bang-*suack* and he—he didn't like to think about that—a gnat flew into his right eye and he moved his hand up slowly and rubbed and then his eye burned and watered as the rubbing squashed the body of the gnat and the digestive juices were on his eyeball. His left eye began to water and it was like looking through wet glass and he pulled out his tan handkerchief and rubbed both eyes while he held his head down and the burning eased and he looked up and could see out over the water of the creek now that the mist was gone and he thought of the mornings duck hunting in Illinois.

Everything is green, dusted over with greys and browns when the season opens in Illinois and duck hunting is the getting up in full darkness and smelling coffee and putting on the long underwear and heavy rubber boots and thick clothes and the bitter taste of the too-strong coffee and the stepping out into the crackling coldness of the night and then the headlights stabbing through the darkness and the hello at Don's and putting the boat on top of the car and driving out to the river and the *klunk*-splash of the boat as it hits the water and then the long paddle in the black void of the Illinois river and the skittering sound of ducks unseen fleeing the boat's progress and then the arrival in front of the blind and unwinding the anchors from the decoys and the cursing at lost decoy heads and then reaching into the finger-numbing water to grab decoys too short on anchor twine and moving them closer to the shore and pulling up the boat and putting the canvas on it and then sticks and weeds and stumbling over broken sticks and logs and twigs to the blind and placing the shotgun against the front of the blind and sitting down and the cold wetness of your pants from the splashing of the decoys and then shivering and waiting and—*cr-rack*.

He stared at the other bank. Nothing. That shot was a long way off. He raised the weapon and sighted across to the other bank and his hands were wet from sweat. He wasn't afraid to move now because the sun wasn't in his face and in the shadows he was almost invisible. He tried to unfocus his eyes again. When they were unfocused he could see movement and his unfocusing had gotten him placed out front. The sergeant said that Thom could see movement better than anyone and he wished the sergeant was here now and he felt the sweat rolling down his back and around his belly and he itched. He al-

ways itched after being out in the field, even during the duck season.

The air is colder and sometimes your pants freeze stiff right before dawn, and then, if it's a really good duck day, the clouds hang low and the day is blended with the night and it drizzles and you are damp right through and you try to count the decoys to see if you don't have some out there that aren't decoys and the gray-lighted sky oozes heavily and you are wet in some places where your coat has lost its waterproofing and maybe it snows and then you hear *boom*, boom echoing down the river and you're ready and you have the double-barrelled gun up.

You watch the decoys and if your luck is good you hear the whistling swish of ducks as they fly over and make a sweeping curve up and out and their necks are craned to watch the decoys and the shore and if you sit quiet enough they turn and fly back and set their wings and splash into the decoys.

Mostly they land out near the edge of the decoys and swim around out there for a while and then they move in and as they come closer they chortle and tip their pointed bottoms skyward and eat and you could stand and shoot but you wait and watch and you don't have much urge to shoot them as they swim around and then, when they have all moved in close to the blind, you stand up to let them see you and as they rise you shoot and maybe some tumble, wings askew, into the water, and you watch the hit ones in the water and sometimes they keep raising their heads up and dropping them back into the water as they die and sometimes they're quiet and you reload and sit tight and those who flew out of the decoys come whistling back and make a neck-craining sweep over the decoys and you boom more shots at them.

Then you clamber out of the blind and you are so stiff from sitting in the coldness and you watch the hit ones again as you reload and if any move you lay a blast of number two's over them and then you run to the boat and paddle through the decoys and reach into the water and grab the ducks and throw them in the middle of the boat and—*bop-bop-bop-bop-bop*. Thom jerked up.

He looked down the barrel. No movement. The hundred yards to the creek was green and still and he heard it again, *bop-bop-bop-crack*. He winced from a stomach cramp. His eyes burned from sweat running in at the corners and he reached down and balled up his handkerchief and rubbed

his eyes and kept his finger on the trigger and he thought he would like to be with his buddies two hundred yards behind him, back in the regular line. He figured he had men maybe three hundred yards to each side, men that he knew of anyway, and he looked at the creek bank again and tried to get his eyes unfocused and he pulled one knee up to his chest to ease the cramp in his gut and he heard the weapons far away and then the crack of rifles and told himself to relax and no one was there and he stared over the field and saw every scrubby bush and the patches of wild grass and he had a burning feeling in his throat and he wished he had someone with him.

He pulled the canvas bag open and stacked the clips in three piles on the canvas bag. He counted them. There were twenty of them with twenty rounds in each and now they were by his left hand.

He remembered the sergeant asking, "You ever do any hunting, Hanson?" And when he said, "Yes, but only for small game," the sergeant saying, "No different from killing a squirrel or a rabbit after you get used to it. First one's tough, but the rest aren't so bad and mostly they're far away and there's a guy near you who has killed and he pots 'im if you don't, or else everyone is blazin' an' you never know if you've hit anyone anyway." The sergeant had paused and then continued, "Knew a kid once—son of a bitch said he couldn't kill anyone—swore it. Then he saw a buddy get hit in a fire fight. Guess it got to 'im 'cause he pulled down a guy coming out with a white cloth. Poor gook coming out to surrender an' this bastard cuts him in half. A regular meat grinder was what he was, but most guys it bothers, the first one I mean. But don't worry—you'll make it—first one's the toughest."

He could hear more shots now, bursts and cracks and he wondered if they were in the grove and turned to look out the side. The grove was thin around him and he could see out the sides and he wondered why there weren't more men out here and he guessed there weren't enough of them to have two full lines and the acid was burning in his mouth now and he wished he was religious and could pray and then maybe he wouldn't be shaking and he was scared he wouldn't shoot and would run and then everyone would know what he knew and maybe he'd be dead and—

He saw it. He stared at the place. Something was moving. Just behind

the reeds—on the other bank. He watched the darkness. It stopped. Down the barrel of the gun. He wanted to shoot. Didn't. There might be more of them. Over there beyond the reeds. If he shot they'd know where he was. Did they send out patrols or lone scouts? He watched the darkness. It broke through. A pig. "A god-damned pig," he muttered and smiled and breathed deep and sat back and was glad he hadn't shot.

He remembered the times he had shot sky high at ducks and the sadness when one would tumble from the flock and then regain control and keep following far behind the flock and he knew it would probably die

hogs and figured their big ears were his alarm system and no one could get across the creek with those big ears pointed at them without spooking them and then he'd know—unless they were tame pigs.

Crack. He strained forward and flattened on his belly again and scanned the open space and the acid was stronger in his throat. He saw the same humps and bushes and that last shot was near and why didn't he hear the bopping of a machine gun? He thought maybe the rifle was from the line behind him. Maybe someone was shooting pigs and he thought of the wild shooting of the duck hunting when you sit late in the morning and

place where he had first seen the pig. He shook and his heart throbbed at his temples. The darkness was gone. Maybe it was another pig. He prayed, "God help me," and wiped his eyes and forehead.

The reeds moved where the pig had come out and he started to exhale. Stopped. He saw hands parting the reeds and now the face peering through and he shivered and he knew this was the one, and there was a glint and Thom watched the man push the reeds apart and stick his head through and turn and look all around and the man slipped out and squatted there with the water up to his knees and looked around again and then splashed across and into the reeds on this side. Thom's stomach cramped and he felt nausea spread over him, and there—another man, another man in the reeds, and the first one is bellying over to that clump of grass and the second and now a third break through the reeds and cross the creek and crawl on their bellies up to the first man in the clump.

Thom's ears roar and he feels his face flush and can he kill a man and is he too scared to kill or too scared of them killing him? They must use the pig runs—"The Lord is my shepherd"—what happens if they meet a pig in the run—"I shall not..." ---"The first one moving now, maybe seventy-five yards out and the other two are behind him and three more crossing the creek and the one in the reeds. Thom's throat is cotton dry. They move slow and they watch and Thomas has his gun on the near one. They're in the grass about fifty yards out and Thom can see their movement and their shapes in the grass and now there are six in the grass and the one across the creek and his trigger finger is numb, cold-asleep, and he's cold all over now. His sweat feels icy. He should kill that one and the others and he feels sick and—the antenna rises up out of the grass and undulates in the breeze. "Please God—Please God let me pull the trigger," and his vision blurs and he has a sour taste on top of the acid in his mouth and he rubs his eyes again and still the antenna is up. Now it's gone. Now one man squatting out in front of the grass and Thom watching all sour mouthed and green feeling. The man on all fours, moving in a crab-like scramble and Thom can see his glasses now. The bitter bile taste and the roaring rush in Thom's ears and his head has a pressure in it and the man forty yards out now and Thom holding his breath and giddy feeling from holding it and

—turn to page 30



anyway and maybe it would suffer.

He watched the hog wade out in the stream and cool itself and he thought of how the water would stop his itching and wished he could get in the stream. The pig turned. Its ears stood out. Thom sat up and then eased down onto his belly. Another pig came out and the two stood in water up to their bellies with their rears to him and rooted in the bank. Thom sat back and took his helmet off and poured water over his head and wiped his face and the handkerchief smelled sour. He drank some of the green-tasting water. His hands were wet and he wiped them on his shirt front and then he watched the

hear the boom and you get ready and then a heron flies over and you get mad and his eyes burned again and he wiped the sweat out and looked up—

Gone. They're gone. Thom's chest tingled and his breath stopped. He stared. He forced himself to exhale. He inhaled by command. His eyes watered and he grabbed the balled-up handkerchief and wiped them. Maybe they just felt like leaving. Maybe everything was okay. His breathing was less forced and he tried to think of the ducks...

A darkness. Behind the reeds. He swallowed. His throat was dry. He watched the darkness in the same

wishing someone was next to him to kill the man. The man twenty-five yards out now and this man has the wrong face — not the face in the posters. Thom blinked his eyes. Was that seen? The man standing. Staring at Thom. Thom can't move — pull — pull — God damn you, pull! Nothing. Nothing. The man turning now and dropping to all fours and scurrying back and Thom exhaling and the antenna up and shots up the creek and the other one gone from the bank now and maybe they'll all leave and maybe he won't have to do it.

Thom mopped his face and eased back from the gun and drank from his canteen to wash the bile down and his ears were quieting down now and his stomach still felt like after too many rides at a carnival and he drank some more and looked at his watch. It was one in the afternoon and he tried to think of duck hunting and how he

would point the gun and blast sometimes — the antenna was down. He breathed easier now and he lay down behind the gun again and he looked down the barrel to the reedy bank and no one in the pig run and no movement in the grass and he can't think of duck hunting now and he gouges a hole in the soft earth and keeps his eyes on the bank and urinates in the hole and brushes dirt over it and his neck muscles hurt.

The man in the reeds again. The antenna up. Now more men. Five. Seven. Ten. Thom lost count. They carry rifles and they run in a crouch to the clump and then to the grass and squat around it with their guns held ready. Thom swallows. He feels the coarse wood stock against his cheek and his stomach is better than before. The first man comes out of the grass, points at Thom and then

motions to the sides. The men fan out. They're moving, all crouched over, and their guns are ready. Forty yards out now. Round metal-rimmed glasses. Thirty yards. Eyes darting from side to side. Gun low now. Twenty yards. No breathing. Sear. Over the eye. Hollow under the Adam's apple, roaring ears. Heat. Now! Now! PULL! PULL!

The world is noise and the first one jerks back with legs pumping, arms grabbing air, and his glasses shatter in sparkling pieces. The next now. Reload. Now. Shoot them down. Reload. *Swack*, bullets and the whistle of bullets. They fall, Reload. Fire and they fall in the creek and they twist and fly — and the screams. *Wamp*, go the bullets and they fall and Thom pulls and reloads and pulls into the reeds and reloads. They fall out and back. Now nothing. The smell of powder and the burning eyes and echoes in his ears and Thom looking out, and they were scattered all over and there were some pieces of paper blowing through the grass and some of the men were doubled up and some shook and hollow sounds came through to him. He was tired. He saw the movement. Over there to the right.

He puts the bead on, now just under it and pulls. The dirt kicks up with the *wamp* and the man rolls to his knees and his hands are holding his guts in and they are slipping out above his hands and Thom pulls again and the *wamp* pushes the scream out and the man tumbles on his back and is kicking. Thom switches to single shot and, not sweating now, he pulls once into each of the rumped shapes. Some jerk and scream and some scream and some just flop over when the bullet *wamps* into them.

When he had finished he switched to automatic and cut through the grass and reeds and there was no movement there. Thom looked to the right and the man had stopped kicking and he couldn't hear anything but a ringing. Now he was alone, Thom felt disconnected and he twisted to the side and vomited and then brushed dirt over it and he was trembling and wanted to cry out and the cry hardened into a lump in his throat and he felt sad and there were no tears. He was alive.

He stared out for a long time and jerked when the hand touched him. He turned and saw the sergeant looking out and he saw the sergeant's mouth moving and he couldn't hear anything but the ringing and the sergeant started to move past him and he grabbed the sergeant's arm and pointed to his ears and shook his head sideways. The sergeant pulled out a pencil and scrawled, "Cover me," and

Adam



"I respect a girl who doesn't drink—we'll do anything that pops into your mind."

Thom shook his head yes, and watched the sergeant crawl out with the dead. The sergeant had his forty-five in his hand.

Thom watched the reeds. He watched for movement. There was none and it wasn't at all like duck hunting and he saw the sergeant going from body to body on the left, rolling them over and now he was working back up the right side and Thomas was glad he didn't have to search them with the sergeant. Still there was no movement except the papers the sergeant had pulled out and dropped and when the sergeant ran up and sat down next to him he had a leather satchel in his hand. The satchel was wet on one side and spattered on the end.

The sergeant sat for a while staring out and then rose and motioned for Thom to follow him and Thom did and they headed for the line and Thom followed so close that he walked into the sergeant whenever the sergeant stopped or slowed down. When they got through their lines they reported to the lieutenant and Thom didn't say anything and the lieutenant smiled and shook his hand and made a phone call and they walked to a clearing and waited and after a while a helicopter came wind-milling down and they clambered into the opening on its side and as they skimmed over the trees Thom began to hear the roaring engines.

They put him in a jeep when he got off the chopper and drove him to the hospital. The doctors examined him and wrote that he'd stay there through the night and he took a shower and that stopped the itching and he went to bed in between crisp white sheets and could hear the nurses through his sleep and he didn't dream.

The next morning he rose and took a shower and got examined again and walked to the mess hall and the clatter of trays and voices of the men were all overloud and the sergeant called to him. He walked over and the sergeant told him that the intelligence boys figured the satchel was big stuff and he was up for a medal for killing eighteen of them and getting the information. The sergeant said he should check with the medics and then go over to the chopper landing area and wait at landing zone nine for a ride back to the unit. He told the sergeant that he had already been checked by the medics and the sergeant said he should just go right over to the chopper after chow.

He had scrambled eggs and bacon

for breakfast and sat around after it and drank four cups of coffee, and when he had finished he found out how to get to the field and walked over to it. The helicopter field was cleared of trees and there were numbers on signs around the edge so men would know where to wait. Thom walked over and leaned against a post with the number nine on it and stared out at the little knots of men scattered around the field. A young man in new equipment walked up and asked, "You're the one, ain't you?"

"Which one?" Thom asked.

"One the sergeant told us about — one that killed eighteen of 'em," the boy replied.

"At's what they say," Thom answered, "I didn't count them."

The boy turned to the others, "Told you he was the one — blasted eighteen of 'em, that's what he did."

The group of four moved toward

Thom and one boy stepped up to Thom and asked, "Is it hard to kill a man — I mean — I — I just don't know if I can do it — no matter what."

Thom squinted at the boy and saw that he wore glasses and he looked at the hollow below the Adam's apple and then he sighed and slid down the post to sit on the ground.

"Sorry," the boys said, "I was just wondering," and he started to turn away.

"S'okay — just tired," Thom said, and the sun reflected off the boy's glasses, "First one's tough — was for me anyway, but after that it gets easier — you'll see, the first one's the toughest," and Thom pulled his helmet down over his face and thought maybe in a few days the reflection of the sun on glasses wouldn't make his eyes water anymore. He guessed the powder smoke yesterday must have irritated them. ☼



"Miss Crenshaw, I think you'll find working here very exciting."

Allied pilots escape from Nazi territory. With its help Blake walked over the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain. Near Madrid he was arrested by the Civil Guard. However, since he had a British passport, he was sent to the English base at Gibraltar. From there he was flown to England in 1943.

When George landed in England, he adopted his stepfather's surname: Blake. Because of his knowledge of Flemish and German and of the geography of Holland, he was recruited by the British Special Operations executive, who needed a man with those abilities for the Dutch branch. Blake spent the remainder of the war training agents who were being air-dropped into Holland. At the end of the war he received the Dutch Order of Nassau, an honor bringing him knighthood for his services.

Blake spent some time as an interpreter for the naval staffs in Berlin and Hamburg before he was approached by MI-6 (Military Intelligence, Branch 6, the organization which conducts England's espionage activities abroad), who needed a man with his war experiences and linguistic abilities. Using the front of a naval officer, he attended a Russian interpreter course at Downing College, Cambridge, which was being run by Commander Anthony Courtney, who headed the Russian Section of Naval Intelligence. Courtney stated: "The Foreign Office contacted me and asked if I would accept Blake in the course. They indicated that he was being absorbed into our intelligence service, but that he should be regarded at the college as just a serving officer."

Blake's studies came to an end in 1948 when he was posted to Seoul, South Korea, where he was to pose as vice-consul at the embassy. Again, that was a mere cover to conceal the fact that his real bosses were in MI-6 and not in the Foreign Office. In 1949, with the information he had received from contacts, Blake warned his superiors that the North Koreans would soon cross the 38th Parallel, but his warning was ignored.

The second invasion and occupation Blake had foreseen came in the summer of 1950 when the North Koreans crossed the demilitarized zone and entered the South.

Captain Vyvyan Holt, head of the British Legation in Seoul, was given authorization to withdraw his staff as the Red army approached the city. Holt chose to remain in the legation building with Blake and another employee, Norman Owen, to take care of final administrative work.

It was July 2, 1950, when Holt

ordered Blake and Owen to the basement of the legation building to burn the ciphers and other appropriate papers, while he remained in the main room to reassure the British civilians who had taken refuge there. The two men quietly burned the papers as they listened to rifle shots. As an afterthought, they poured the contents of the building's wine cellar down the drain in hopes of preventing a drunken massacre. The front door was pushed down and several armed soldiers entered the main room. Holt, Blake, Owen and the other British civilians were arrested by the "People's Army" of North Korea.

Blake and the other civilian captives, including Philip Deane, a British journalist, and Commissioner Herbert Lord of the Salvation Army, were kept in the South until U.S. forces advanced towards the Yalu River. On October 31, 1950, the prisoners, along with 700 American soldiers, were taken on a death march across the 38th Parallel. The people were forced to walk 15 miles a day, and the combination of this physical exertion and the poor diet of millet had its effect. Those who dropped out of the march were sent to "People's Hospitals," where they were shot and buried. Commissioner Lord was forced at gun point to sign on the death certificates that these deaths were due to "heart failure." Lt. Cordus H. Thornton, a captured Army officer, was shot in the head because he had let too many of his men drop out. Twenty-five percent of the march's participants died as a result of it.

It was a cold winter in Pyongyang that year. Blake shared a 9-by-9-foot cell with nine other prisoners. For the most part, he and the other civilians were not mistreated like the military prisoners, but there were times when the guards did their best to break the men.

"Look, there's a guard coming this way." Philip Deane spoke to Blake as they were resting on the ground, exhausted.

The guard pointed to the two men and spoke in broken English, "You two, get me some water."

Blake protested. "We can't. We're too tired."

"You can walk. You can get me some water." The guard was pointing to several 20-gallon drums a few hundred yards away.

"We can't. We're too exhausted. How can we? Maybe if you gave us some better food than that bird seed crud that we get all the time, we might." Blake was persistent.

The guard became enraged over this back talk. "I'm the guard here. Bend over, get down."

The two men could only obey his orders. The guard brought the butt of the rifle down on Blake's back. Then Deane was hit. Over and over he beat and kicked the two men before him, but neither one of them gave out any cries of pain. Blake's face was partially buried in the snow, but the guard could see a forced smile on his lips. Blake kept that smile throughout the beating.

During the months of captivity, the men around Blake admired him for his courage and for his ability to resist the attempts at brainwashing. Bishop Cecil Cooper stated: "Blake was a man of great energy. He kept us alive by his enthusiasm and his courage. Blake resisted the brainwashing fiercely, arguing with the political officers who were attempting to indoctrinate us."

During the time of captivity, the civilians were not exposed to as much brainwashing as were the military. However, they were constantly bombarded with propaganda: works of Lenin, Marx, and Mao; modern Soviet literature and Russian newspapers. Blake was hungry for reading material and eagerly read these books. During the summer of 1951 he began to have doubts about the wickedness of communism. Nowhere in the reading material could he see slums in Russia, but he knew they existed in the capitalist nations. The communist system did not "exploit" the workers as was done in the Western nations. The more Blake read, the more convinced he became that it was better than the system he had been raised under.

The break came in November, 1951. Blake had been talking to his interrogator when he demanded, "I want to see the Tiger."

A few minutes passed, then the commandant of the prison camp appeared. "What do you want?"

Blake's reply was short. "I want to work for the communists."

This was met with a short laugh. "Why do you want to do that?" The man's voice became bitter. "You've already convinced one of our men that the South was better than our People's Democracy. Why am I to trust you?"

The words came carefully from Blake's mouth. "At first, I believed in the capitalist system. But now I have come to believe that the communist system is the only one which can establish a better and a more just society in this world."

Tiger ordered some guards to bring

— turn to page 34

CHECK LIST OF IMPRORPRIATE BOOKS FROM HOLLOWAY HOUSE!



A shocking expose of the notorious Hell's Angels

A PLACE IN HELL

by H. R. Kaye

A Place In Hell is the story of "Wild Bill Henderson," rebel, racist, and elite member of the Hell's Angels. Here is the true, shock-filled story what the Hell's Angels really stood for, the senseless violence, the way out orgies, the rumbles, the deaths, the unbelievable initiation rights. But above all, the sickening sexual madness and violence of young people who found a place in hell!

HH-153 95c



The hilarious frightening story of California politics!

1600 FLOOGIE STREET

By Don McGuire

This is the funniest, fall-down laughing novel about politics ever written and it's the last time for the widest political campaign ever! Obviously a satire on a real politician's current quest for national leadership, it takes you on a hilarious and frightening trip through the wilds of Hollywood, where the smug bitten right wing strives madly to elect Donald Duggan, a handsome, fifty-six-year-old, out of work cowboy actor, Governor. Guaranteed to keep you laughing!

HH-149 95c



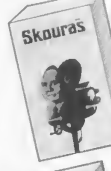
Incredible inside story

MISTRESS OF CUBA

By Rita Benuto

A thrilling, shocking modern day adventure... and every word of it is true! Rita Benuto, born poor and destined to be the wife of a sugar cane cutter, rebelled against her fate. She used her feminine wile and abundant sexual attractiveness to ascend to a high position in Castro's government as a bedroom spy for the Cuban Gestapo. Here are all the details, too incredible to be fiction! A shocking story of sex, political intrigue, and finally escape from Cuba to the U.S.A. Don't miss it.

HH-152 95c



From immigrant to star-maker!!!

SKOURAS: KING OF FOX STUDIOS

by Carlo Curti

A study of genius in a world of corruption, sex and blackmail!!! Skouras came to America nearly 60 years ago with little more than the clothes on his back. After a meteoric rise, he became the undisputed leader of Fox Studios. Here at last are the unpublished details, secrets and insights of the man who ruled the movie kingdom!!!

HH-141 95c



The exciting biography of a con man!

TRICK BABY

By Iceberg Slim

Here is the "con" game from A to Z as it was lived by "White Folks," a white Negro in the deadly jungle of southside Chicago. In his teens "White Folks" became fascinated with the thrill of the con game, and using his natural talents became a master. Here then is his true story. The thrills, dangers and triumphs of a man who made his living in one of the most dangerous professions... and the mistake that sent him running for his life.

HH-151 95c



The shocking truth about gambling in Las Vegas

HOW TO WIN

by Mike Goodman

Here's a book that dares you to prove you're not a sucker. The amazing revealing facts about gamblers and gambling. The author details systems for Blackjack, Craps, Horse Racing, Roulette, Poker, etc. You can make a lot of money with the book, but even if you never gamble, reading it is an exciting adventure!

HH-107 75c



Most shocking true story ever told!!!

PIMP: THE STORY OF MY LIFE

by Iceberg Slim

Few pimps survive the perils of that savage sex underground lurking beneath the surface of every city. One who survived in prisons, insane asylums, or are murdered. One who survived is "Iceberg Slim." This is a real person. Here in detail is his twenty years of Hell, from small-time beginnings to success and drug addiction... the sights, sounds, smells, petty triumphs of a Pimp. A raw, vicious story of brutality and sex bondage.

HH-139 95c

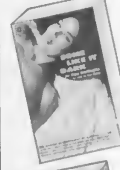


MY NAME IS LEONA GAGE. WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME?

by Leona Gage (Miss U.S.A.)

This is the shocking true story of a fabulously beautiful girl. She had everything... money, talent, and a movie career. She also had one additional talent, to attract sadists and unscrupulous opportunists. Her "story book" career ended in drug addiction, suicide attempts, lesbianism and degradation. Shocking!

HH-119 75c



The autobiography of a beautiful Negress

SOME LIKE IT DARK

by Kipp Washington

Her name is not really Kipp Washington. She cannot tell you her real name because she is a singer and a prostitute... still young, beautiful and working both professions. She found that sex, so necessary to get her singing engagements paid even better as a separate commodity. Her services were high-priced and used by many "VIP's." Don't miss this revealing book!

HH-122 75c



The most controversial book of our generation!

THE NIGGER BIBLE

By Robert H. DeCoy

The Nigger Bible is a terrifying book of hate and hope for the American Negro. Written by an acknowledged "Nigger," the "Bible" slashes through hypocrisy to reveal a bitter viewpoint that all men are aware of, but none before has dared to reveal. Although addressed exclusively to "my Nigger people," this electrifying book should be read by every thinking American.

HH-150 95c



Adventures of a Chinese "Pleasure Girl"

THE NINE HOLES OF JADE

by Su-Ling

Early in life Su-Ling discovered that the only thing she could use to escape from her life of poverty and starvation was her lovely young body. This is her true story... from her low beginnings as a "pleasure girl" in the weird areas of Chinese brothels to plush apartments in Hong Kong. Su-Ling's shocking biography presents the most revealing picture of the Oriental underworld ever available to western readers.

HH-143 95c



Bizarre double murder!!!

THE LOPINSON CASE

by Paul J. Gillette

Is an innocent man waiting for his execution? This strange and bizarre case of double murder appears to have been prejudged by the police, newspapers and the public due to the extraordinary headlines in the newspapers before the trial!!! Here is the fully documented compilation of the facts of this almost unbelievable miscarriage of justice in the United States!

HH-140 95c

RUSH ORDER FORM - MAIL TODAY!

HOLLOWAY HOUSE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Dept. A-5 • P.O. Box 69804 • Los Angeles, California 90069

Please rush me the books marked on a 10-day money back guarantee. Enclosed is \$ ☐ Cash, ☐ Check, ☐ Money order, payment in full for all books.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> HH-107, How to Win @ 75c | <input type="checkbox"/> HH-143, Nine Holes of Jade @ 95c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HH-119, Leona Gage @ 75c | <input type="checkbox"/> HH-149, Floogie Street @ 95c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HH-122, Some Like It Dark @ 75c | <input type="checkbox"/> HH-150, The Nigger Bible @ 95c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HH-139, Pimp @ 95c | <input type="checkbox"/> HH-151, Trick Baby @ 95c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HH-140, Lopinson Case @ 95c | <input type="checkbox"/> HH-152, Mistress of Cuba @ 95c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HH-141, Skouras @ 95c | <input type="checkbox"/> HH-153, A Place in Hell, @ 95c |

Name ☐ I am over 21

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Minimum order \$2.00; otherwise add 25c per book to cover handling and postage. California residents add 5% sales tax. Please allow three weeks for delivery.

HOLLOWAY HOUSE PUBLISHING CO.
DEPT. A-5 • P.O. BOX 69804 • LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069

Blake some food. After he had finished eating, the two men discussed Blake's change. Blake convinced Tiger of his desire to help the communists. When he was offered to be moved out of the prison to another camp for defectors, he declined and insisted on being returned to his friends. However, he made it clear that he would not inform on them.

Blake spent another 15 months in captivity until his repatriation in April, 1953. He was flown to London where he arrived as a hero. MI-5 (counter-intelligence) made a thorough investigation of his term of captivity but could not find anything to indicate disloyalty. Only Blake knew of his secret defection. Instead of being dropped as an intelligence officer, MI-6 decided to keep him.

After an extended vacation Blake was given a position in an unpublicized department of the Foreign Office. He then secretly contacted the Russian embassy and arranged a meeting with one of their men. The Russians sent a General Korovin (this was the London alias of Nikolay Robin, who returned to the USSR in 1961 to head the "Executive Action" section of the KGB, the section concerned with executions and assassinations) to discuss Blake's offer to hand over secret documents. Korovin was surprised when Blake stated that he wanted no money for his services. The deal was made: Korovin would supply Blake with the necessary photographic equipment in return for copies of all the documents he could get. Later, in his trial, Blake confessed: "I freely admit that there was not an official document on any matter to which I had access that was not passed on to my Soviet contact."

Attorney-General Sir Reginald Manning Buller summed up Blake's activities: "He agreed to make available to the Soviet intelligence service such information as came his way in the course of his activities in order to promote the cause of communism... and he had access to information of very great importance."

In the spring of 1955 Blake, his wife and his two children moved to West Berlin where he was posted to the British Military Mission. Again Blake posed as a minor government official while gathering and evaluating information supplied from East Germany. The intelligence unit which he controlled was mainly interested in information relating to Russian arms. During this time Blake was also gathering information on the other British intelligence units working in

Berlin and behind the Iron Curtain. His wife, Gillian, was unsure of her husband's specific work but suspected that it was related to the spy business because of his odd working hours.

At periodic intervals Blake would drive into East Berlin to shop, since the exchange rate for East and West German marks made it attractive for a low-paid civil servant to go there. His real interest in that sector was his contact, a Russian interpreter named Sova, who worked for the "Chamber of Technics." The information that he passed on to this man was impressive: names of agents working in the East, the structure of MI-6 in West Berlin, photographs of secret documents pertaining to England's policy on the Berlin question. Blake was supplied with a cigarette lighter containing a hidden camera and with this he photographed many of his colleagues. One source indicated that he was especially busy just before the 1959 Geneva conference on Germany making copies of documents revealing the West's policy on the matter. Some claim that he tipped off the famous Berlin telephone tap to the East Germans. This was a tunnel extending several hundred feet into East Berlin where the CIA could tap all of the military phones in the city.

During Blake's five year stay in Berlin, agents working in the East were disappearing. MI-6 officials were disturbed by this, but they were unable to find the leak in security. One incident took place in the apartment building which housed Blake's family and the families of other British civil and military employees. A former Soviet secret service official who had defected was being kept there until he could be flown to England. After Blake told his contact of the man's whereabouts, a special crew was sent to get this defector. One night the man was drugged and carried into the Eastern Zone. Later, when confronted with angry British officials, the Soviets explained that they were unable to return the man because he had died under "interrogation."

Blake left Berlin in September, 1960, and traveled to Shemlan, Lebanon, where he was to study the Arabic language at the Middle East College of Arabic Studies, which was run by the Foreign Office. This was to prepare him for intelligence work in an Arab nation. Blake continued to pass on all the information he had collected to Soviet agents in Beirut, 20 miles from Shemlan.

A month after Blake had left Berlin a minor spy named Horst Eitner was arrested as a double agent by the

West German police. Eitner had made part of his living by working with British agents. In the process, he would photograph his contacts, make tape recordings of his conversations, and then sell the material to the Russians. One of the men he worked with, Blake, he discovered was working for the Soviets. In order to get a lighter prison sentence, he offered this information to the British. Eitner's report was ignored by them.

In March, 1961, Col. Anthony Alster, head of the Polish secret service, fled to the West to avoid a possible purge of Jews holding high positions in the communist bloc nations. Alster had been in charge of agents working in "West Work," the term used to describe espionage activities in the West, and had personally met Blake several times. The British authorities were astonished by the information the defector had given the communists, and sent out messages calling back all agents who had been in contact with Blake. For many it was too late. Authorities claim that in East Berlin alone 42 agents disappeared or were arrested by the communists. The fate of these men, along with others in Iron Curtain nations, is unknown, but for many, Blake's betrayal meant death.

Blake's studies in Lebanon ended when he received a telegram ordering him back to London. Upon his arrival he was arrested as a double agent and was formally charged for violating the Official Secrets Act. His trial on May 3, 1961, was held in secret and lasted only 69 minutes. The Attorney-General stated that although Blake did not have access to documents relating to secret or atomic weapons, "He had done some serious damage to the interests of this country... He had information of very great importance." For his betrayal Blake was given a sentence of 42 years, the longest one given for over a century. Gordon Lonsdale, another top Soviet spy who was sentenced the month before, received only 25 years in comparison.

Blake was held by the British security service for a half year before he was sent to prison. Over the service's protests, he was sent to Wormwood Scrubs Prison where Lonsdale was being held. Blake quickly adjusted to prison life, and to the guards he seemed to be a man who had accepted his fate.

A convicted spy normally would receive much abuse from fellow prisoners, but Blake was an exception. He

— turn to page 36

ADAM TURNS ON HISTORY

The King of Argos put his virgin daughter Danae in a tower of brass, but Zeus got to her anyway with his golden rain.



was respected by his fellow inmates, who knew him as a bright and witty person. Many of the "star" prisoners (first time offenders with long terms) of D Hall would spend their "free association" periods in his book-lined cell, where they could receive language instruction or discuss world affairs. Even after his escape, they remained loyal to him. The London *Observer* reported: "It is understood that the inmates of D Block, almost to a man, declined to reveal any information—if they had it—about Blake. To them, he was a popular figure."

The officials at Wormwood Scrubs were at first apprehensive about having a man with Blake's reputation in their prison. However, their attitude soon changed and he was given some of the privileges the other prisoners had. He was allowed to keep a shortwave receiver in his cell for language studies. Many of the guards were charmed by his warm personality. To the prison officials, Blake was a model prisoner.

Blake remained a model prisoner until his escape in 1966.

The most widely accepted theory on how Blake escaped states that the operation was planned by the Soviet KGB and carried out by "scarpers," professional escape artists, perhaps the same ones who liberated several of the "Great Train" robbers from prison. Since Blake would not have any useful information for the communists, the motive behind the breakout was to demonstrate the power of the KGB and to reassure its agents working in the West that they would not be abandoned if caught.

There has been speculation that Blake might have received escape instructions through the shortwave receiver in his cell. It was capable of picking up the low band broadcast which would normally be used for such transmissions. In a room located one-half mile from Wormwood Scrubs, police found a crude broadcasting antenna made of bamboo and wire. Also, they found 14 wrappers from 100-pound notes. Prison officials claim that the long distance and the high wall around the place would shield radio waves from inside receivers. However, many prisoners claim that inmates have regularly monitored police radio messages.

A more practical way for Blake to get information was through the "trusted men" who were housed outside the prison. These prisoners were allowed to dress in civilian clothes and worked away from the prison. Since they had contact with the out-

side world, Blake could have used one of them as a messenger. Perhaps it was through one of these men that he received his final instructions or perhaps a saw with which he cut the iron bars.

Where Blake went after he got over the wall is another question which has not been answered. One man who claims knowledge of Blake's escape route is Benno Weigl, a stateless journalist living in London who had spent ten years in a Czechoslovakian prison as a spy. Using the pseudonym of Michael Rand, he wrote an article for the West German news magazine *Der Spiegel* based on three letters he received from three contacts in Czechoslovakia.

According to Weigl, the operation, which cost 14,000 pounds (\$39,200), was planned and financed by the Russian officials in England and carried out by "middle men." After Blake got over the wall at Wormwood Scrubs, he was picked up, given new clothes and dark glasses, driven to a local airport and put on a plane heading for Frankfurt. After landing in that German city, he was met by two Czech officials who gave him a paper guaranteeing him political asylum in the USSR (and presumably in any other communist nation). From Frankfurt he was driven to the German-Czech border, where he crossed at Schirnding, using an English passport and a visitor's visa. Once across the border, he was driven to Prague where he was housed at the "International" and "Prague" hotels while conferring with East German and Russian officials. Then, on November 3, he was driven to an airport and transported by helicopter to East Berlin, where he is supposedly residing now. While Weigl claims that this story is the truth (he burned the three letters before Scotland Yard officials could see them), he purports to have no knowledge of Blake's escape from the prison itself.

Two incidents which took place in 1964 might substantiate communist backing of the escape. In 1963 an inmate escaped from an English prison and made his way to East Germany. After a year's stay there, he was handed back to British officials in West Berlin. During his interrogation he stated that the East Germans were interested in prison security and how to overcome it. He was forced to write several papers on this topic. Also during that year two ex-prisoners confessed to the police that they were accomplices in a plot to spring Blake from prison. One of them would land a helicopter, which would have the

word "POLICE" painted on it, near the prison. The other man, dressed in a prison uniform, would climb over the wall and bring Blake out. He would be flown to East Germany and then to the USSR. The Home Secretary of England, after hearing of this plot, described it as "fantastic, but not impossible."

Another theory is that Blake engineered his own escape, either to flee the country or to contact a public official in order to obtain a review of his case. However, he was not a rich man and did not receive pay for his espionage activities. He probably didn't have enough money to pay the scarpers.

Philip Deane believes that the escape, along with Blake's activities as a spy, has been one gigantic plot carried out by MI-6. Rather than being a double agent, argues Deane, Blake was really a triple agent, feeding his Russian contact with specially prepared information. When the Soviets began to doubt his reliability, MI-6 "arrested" him and then conducted a show trial in order to convince them of his loyalty to communism. Deane bases all this on the belief that the conditions and brutality Blake had met in Korea could not have convinced him that communism could produce "a more just society." Also, he states that Blake was never away from his fellow prisoners for any longer period of time, thereby excluding the possibility of brainwashing. Deane's theory would explain why he was kept by MI-6 instead of being automatically dropped upon his return from Korea.

Recently, a spokesman for Scotland Yard announced that they had intercepted a letter from Blake addressed to his mother, who still resides in England. The letter stated that he was fine and that he would soon be moving to some Eastern European country. The letter was mailed from Egypt.

In the 1960's the people of the Free World suddenly became aware of the cold world of espionage. There was the U-2 affair, which broke up a "Summit" meeting. There was the Wennestrom case, where a ranking NATO general turned out to be working for the Russians. There was also Oleg Penkovsky, a top Russian official who passed information to the CIA. All of these cases ended with either imprisonment (Wennestrom), exchange (Powers for Abel) or execution (Penkovsky).

Only one spy—George Blake—has been able to escape from the cold.

\$1,000,000

worth of exciting adult reading is waiting for you in the all new Adam Reader! Packed from cover to cover with articles, photos and stories guaranteed to keep your blood racing! Here's an intimate preview!

■ **THE DELICATE DELINQUENTS** . . . Several shocking case histories of notorious female criminals noting in detail why they're more likely to get away with murder than men; women's crimes are usually more gruesome than men's and many significant factors of why women are definitely deadlier than men!

■ **AN INVESTOR'S GUIDE TO GIRL-WATCHING** . . . An intriguing article on how stock market analysts and economists make girl watching pay off. Based on fashion cycles, the shorter the skirt, the more prosperity! This viewpoint has expanded to cover the mini-skirt and topless boom with some amazing statistics to boot! A timely piece!

■ **DOES THE PILL KILL MALE SEX DRIVE?** . . . Strange side effects of contraceptive pills on men are being discovered by scientists. In some cases, virility of men whose partners are taking the pill has been seriously reduced. Here are the startling facts about the pros and cons of THE PILL. Don't miss it!

■ **THE ACID TRIP** . . . Fiction the way you like it! The story of a jaded college professor who turns on his co-ed students! Results are wild sex orgies, LSD trips, mayhem and murder!

■ **THE GODDESS** . . . A provocative excerpt from the new Holloway House best seller, "Trick Baby," biography of a con man. In this chapter the tortured sex affair between "White Folks" and a rich Chicago beauty. Sensual reading.

And much more!

Get your copy now

ON SALE AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER **\$1.**



STARR LIGHT, STARR BRIGHT

CHRIS STARR is light and bright — a nineteen-year-old blue-eyed English blonde and a topgrader in her freshman college class. Her other I.Q. — eye quotient — figures at 36½-23-35, and no professor would flunk her for that...

See her go nudie and tear around dropping inhibitions all over the place and, man, you'll be a Chris Starr gazer too!





Chris is perty and pleasy, flirty and teasy, breezy, squeezey and oh so seize-y!

Chris is a veritable water sprite, but she is sprightly on shore also. She likes to keep moving — in fact her program is "to travel all over the world."

And her sights are high: "to gain worldly experience," she says, "and to put it to good use."

So far she's gained the experience of playing in an avant garde film, and viewing the constellation of her celestial spheres — if our astrology is reliable — we may predict that Starr is rising.

If her heavenly body should appear on the horizon of your sextant, and you wish upon a Starr — you couldn't do better than Chris! ☼



ADAM's Eve
Chris Starr



"I experience a certain amount of satisfaction," Telsa said with a perplexed expression on her oddly animated facial features.

Telsa looked with quiet interest at the creature that stood in the barren chamber. The squat, coarse being was Elra, one of her mates, but with her intellect housed in an alien brain served with different sensory apparatus, Elra took on a new, strange appearance. Her tubular form glittered, encased by the field that protected her from the oxygen atmosphere that now permeated the ship.

"Remember what you have been told. There is danger housed in that golem. You are literally and completely a Homosapien. Your mission must be completed swiftly lest your mind becomes warped permanently. You must avoid emotion..."

"Emotion, yes," Telsa said with fascination. "I experience it, but I could not relate what I am undergoing."

"It is enough to know that it is a useful, desirable phenomena in the body you inhabit for us..."

A chill ran through Telsa's new body. It was unpleasant. She experienced fear. Heroq slid past Elra and set a pile of clothing on the deck in front of Telsa. Telsa could detect Heroq's thoughts. They were familiar thoughts, but—seen from her new vantage—ice-cold thoughts of a vast and emotionless intellect.

Telsa dressed carefully. A complete array of knowledge had been planted in her brain of the world below them and the society of simple and unusual creatures that inhabited that world. Telsa knew and the knowledge of the bizarre and the alien was like the phantasies of an insanity that had engulfed her mind. Remaining on the deck was a weapon.

"If Tere will not return, destroy him."

Telsa nodded.

"His mind has been warped, but we need him back if possible. The varied creatures of Earth are a treasure of knowledge. It isn't every millenium that we find a world on the perilous edge of civilization. A technological civilization for any evolving life form is a trauma many do not survive. Tere could ruin our observation by contaminating these cultures with knowledge they have not yet acquired."

Telsa stiffened. Why did she fear the abstract reasoning that assailed her tender and limited brain? Emotion. A will to survive of a species still dependent on the automatic processes of the brain and not a neutral, all-encompassing intellect.

The crew of the little craft was a

sexual unit. They would die soon and it was up to the eggs she—her other body—carried to take on the duties of the ship.

Death! Shrieking terror, blinding and strangling.

Eggs. Hatching and eating through her flesh, destroying, emerging, metamorphosing, copies of herself and Tere and Elra and...

"Telsa! Cease that destructive chain of thought! Your intellect is impaired! Keep only in mind your mission, Telsa! Your mission!"

"My mission," Telsa thought, forcibly controlling and submerging the primitive terror that assailed her. Destroy Tere. And if Tere is destroyed, Tere, the last chain of the sexual cycle, the eggs would hatch but would not metamorphose and would die and the small ship would be a coffin to an interrupted chain of life.

A trace of Telsa's old self returned. "This body is effective. Extremely effective in controlling the intellect."

"Controlling the intellect?" Heroq's confused thought echoed in her brain.

"I experience a reduced awareness in this body. The brain is limited. The intellect knows not its destiny. It is some inner programming that controls me. I cannot control it. I see why Tere has failed his mission. This body is a trap."

"It is thus recorded," Elra said. "Your golem was constructed carefully. It is human in all respects. We knew some of the dangers involved but in case of an accident, in case Tere was destroyed and an 'autopsy' was performed, we could have it no other way. We shall have to be content to observe the society objectively."

Telsa nodded and blocked her thoughts. For the first time she felt a grim humor. "Death faces us all," she thought, "and they concern themselves with missions."

Horrible, obliterating death.

"Can your mission be carried out?" Elra said.

Telsa nodded again. "Within a limited amount of time."

"Tere knows we are aware of his location. For some reason he is awaiting our arrival, knowing our intentions, but confident. He blocks much of his thinking from us. Much we cannot comprehend."

"I will be able to comprehend," Telsa said, handling the weapon that was built for "different" appendages.

The hum of the small craft increased in intensity, indicating the proximity of the planet called Earth. Without further word, Elra and Heroq departed and Telsa was left

alone, acutely aware of her clothing churning and rasping against her body, arousing strange sensations from the depths of her human brain.

A hatch appeared in the curved side of the chamber. Again the subtle terror gripped Telsa. The darkness was a familiar thing to her body and something yearned for the night—and for what?

Telsa walked down the ramp into the night. She smelled for the first time the odors of the forest, and felt the cold against her flesh and experienced with her "old" mind the terror of insignificance of standing on the open surface of a planet. Telsa had never before walked the surface of a world.

Her new endoskeletal frame carried her exposed flesh into danger. She felt "naked" without her shell, insecure, knowing she could be damaged easily. Her body walked upright instead of running on secreted liquids, like some artificial conveyance. Her visual sensors were placed at an enormous height from the ground, but the body worked well and Telsa was aware of inherent advantages.

"It would all be a matter of getting used to," she thought.

Telsa turned at the base of the ramp and looked at the ship. It glowed a fluorescent cyanic blue, a featureless fuzz of dim light. Telsa turned back to the darkness, her mind opened for Tere's thoughts, alert for the dangers of this new world.

A squirrel chattered somewhere near. Harmless. A flying insect slapped against her flesh. It frightened her, but it too was harmless. A sound came from the distance overhead. An aircraft, a primitive, mechanical conveyance of the species she now was. Harmless.

A docile world. Not at all like the vicious cycle of life at her own kind. Telsa walked into the forest.

Tere was not hiding from her. He appeared in a dim, white light in a clearing and Telsa looked up for the source of light and observed a small moon high in a dark sky scattered with stars. Telsa observed beauty. She looked back at Tere and probed his mind, but it was closed.

"You will return with me, Tere," Telsa said to the figure in the clearing. It was odd to call the tall biped by the name of one of her crew mates and sexual partners, but it was indeed Tere and he stood nude before her and somehow different from her own human form. Telsa noticed the difference, fighting emotions and sensations that plagued her composure.

"No," Tere said. "I like it here bet-

ter."

Telsa leveled the weapon and activated it. Tere moved aside and the lance of nuclear fire washed against the trunk of a tree. The tree glared and toppled, the roots exploding in a shower of steam and dirt.

Telsa was perplexed and only vaguely understood why Tere resisted destruction. She pointed the weapon at Tere a second time and the line of fire swept the ground where Tere had been. A burning, acrid odor stung Telsa's nostrils and caused her to choke. Tears ran from her eyes.

Suddenly Tere was beside her, taking the weapon from her hand. Telsa looked into the alien face, but found it strangely attractive. It was so foreign from their natural forms that Telsa could calmly notice the smooth and uncomplicated beauty.

"You must return or be destroyed. If you do not return, you will contaminate this culture and cause our deaths. The eggs await your fertilization. They will not metamorphose without you."

"I know all that," Tere said in a deeper voice, "Do you know why I elect to stay?"

"No," Telsa said, suddenly curious, her mission forgotten for the moment. She felt strangely akin to Tere.

"In this form I experienced an overpowering resistance to the thought of death. I think it is an automatic will to survive. My body and I have become one and to return means the death of us both."

"I understand this. I feel. I fear death."

Tere shrugged. "Simple, isn't it?"

"The ship will die. Our mission..."

"I want to show you something."

Tere said and Telsa allowed him to touch her, to undo the fastenings of her clothing. She stood before him and watched as he slipped her blouse from her arms and let her skirt slip over her wide hips to drop at her feet. She cooperated as he knelt and grasping the hem of her slip, pulled it up and freed of her body. She felt the cool wind against her exposed flesh.

Tere unhooked the bra that cupped full breasts and slipped her panties down the long, smooth columns of her legs.

"You took my clothing from me," Telsa said.

"Lie on the ground."

Telsa did as she was told.

Tere lowered himself over her, pressing her against the cold, damp ground.

"Experience this," Tere said.

Tere caressed her sensitive, nude flesh, Telsa's mind flooding with intermingled emotions and sensations that

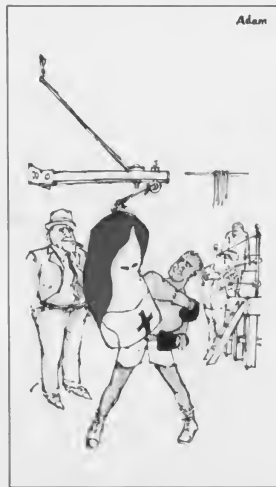
drowned out all objective thought. Telsa stiffened, experiencing fear of the unknown. Tere was probing her with a part of himself and before Telsa could protest, something cool sank deeply within her.

Blazing, searing sensations tore at Telsa.

Agonizing waves of pleasure scorched her mind. Telsa struggled, suffocating and crying out in fear.

Tere, unheeding, pounded at her body, doing something Telsa didn't understand.

A wave of crimson ecstasy shook her body. Two things on her breasts hardened and something in her thighs tightened. Her stomach quivered and Telsa, amazed at the overwhelming pleasure, arched her hips to aid Tere.



A crescendo of blinding ecstasy took her soaring over a peak of near insanity and gently down, down, but not quite to where she had been. Telsa shuddered and gasped at the thing that was Tere and buried her face in the solid flesh of his chest.

"Do you know what that was?" Tere said, himself breathless.

"It was horrible."

"Want to do it again?" There was humor in Tere's mind.

Telsa gave it a moment's thought. "Yes. Do it again."

Tere laughed. "It was an urge this body of mine forced upon me. It was a sex act."

Telsa looked up into Tere's face unbelieving.

"These beings have no sense of duty. A section of their brain forces

them to perform essential acts such as reproduction upon threat of pain or upon promise of pleasure."

Telsa understood. She was frightened of her new body. "I will reproduce?"

"Perhaps."

"Death?"

"No death." He touched her breasts.

"These feed the young. Reproduction is largely pleasure. These beings reproduce again and again. They have a life span a hundred times that of ours and the young do not acquire the knowledge and memories of the parents."

Telsa struggled free and rose to her feet, her mind a fog of doubt and confusion. She grasped the weapon on the ground in her fingers and let it hang at her side.

"What about the others?" Telsa said.

"Others?" Tere caught her thoughts.

"Bisexual. Only two are responsible for the act of reproduction."

Telsa clasped Tere's hand in her own. Tere followed her as she made her way through the darkness and the foliage. The forest was peaceful, serene.

The ship still glowed in the small clearing and as the couple neared, the hatch opened and a line of reddish light fell upon them.

The ship was alien. Heroq squatted inside, protected from the corrosive oxygen atmosphere in her shimmering transparency.

Heroq was ugly, brutal. Telsa's children waited inside to devour her and the others who would die submissively.

Telsa raised the weapon and a stream of fire shot toward the ship and engulfed the interior. Heroq died instantly. Crippled, the ship changed color to a bright orange and imploded silently upon itself. A shower of harmless debris fell to the ground and an acrid fog drifted among the trees.

"Do it again," Telsa said.

Tere stared at where the ship had been. "They had no chance of survival. They could have joined us."

"They could not have constructed their golems before they died. And the children would not have metamorphosed to take their places without you. They would not have been willing to subject themselves to anything that would have endangered their mission anyhow. Do it again, Tere."

Tere led her back into the trees and together they explored the wonders of their primitive and mysterious bodies and when dawn approached, they watched a not so alien sun rise in a blue sky.



A lesbian theme and Sandy Dennis promise hot box office appeal at art houses — but may shock conventional audiences



THE FOX

Though most people are familiar with D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* because of the publicity over the court rulings that it was not pornography, only a few probably know his novella, *The Fox*. This story with its dramatic lesbian theme could easily have been filmed into a crude and low-grade "nudie." But this picture is definitely **not** a nudie.

The second release of Claridge Pictures, *The Fox* probes the controversial subject, lesbian love, and for the most part handles it with taste. Only occasionally does the film border on the "sexsational."

Academy Award winner Sandy Dennis plays the fragile, sensitive blonde lover of Ellen March (Anne Heywood), who is just the opposite — cool and self-sufficient. The film opens with a scene of an isolated chicken farm in the snow-bound Canadian countryside. Ellen March





Anne Heywood's nude scene depicting self-stimulation and masturbation may shock many theatregoers

catches a fox in the hen-house and has the opportunity to kill him. She sights him with her double-barreled shotgun but misses when she fires. It is established that March is the dominant female, but there also seems to be an inward uneasiness about her.

Another morning, March is strolling in the woods when she suddenly sees the fox. Both freeze. March has her shotgun but finds she cannot move, and the fox escapes.

That evening at dinner March tells Jill (Sandy Dennis) about the incident and as they discuss it they hear the squawk of frightened chickens. When they get to the hen-house, they find Jill's pet hen, Edwina, is the latest victim of their unwanted visitor.

The following evening, while the girls are entertaining themselves with guitar music and folk songs, they hear another disturbance. March grabs the shotgun, throws the door open, and discovers a handsome strang-









er standing in the snow. The new visitor is Paul Grenfel (Keir Dullea), a merchant seaman on leave making a surprise visit to his grandfather, the previous owner of the farm.



Paul had not known his grandfather was dead or that the farm had been sold. The girls invite him to stay the night.

Since he has no other place to spend his leave, Paul offers to stay on at the farm and help with some of the heavier chores. As time passes, a strong physical attraction develops between Paul and March. Paul eventually asks her to marry him—but March cannot leave Jill—and with his leave up, Paul has to return without March.

That night March permits Jill to console her and the two exchange kisses as Jill confesses her love for March.

Overhearing a violent argument between the girls, Paul leaves the house to guard the henhouse. The fox appears and Paul kills him, triumphantly holding the carcass for the girls to see.

The following day March starts to chop down the old oak tree. Paul drives up in a truck and offers to help finish cutting down the tree. He warns Jill to move away, but she stubbornly refuses, and when the tree falls it strikes Jill, killing her.

The film ends with March selling the farm and Paul reassuring her that she will be happy. She looks at him and asks, "Will I?" As they drive away, all that's left is the pelt of the fox, flapping on the barn door where Paul nailed it. ❁

Select over 300 fantastic photographs and illustrations from the most remarkable ever produced. Add to this over 200,000 words of amazing text—violent, purple, powerful stories selected from a rare collection especially to please you. Carefully lithograph them in magnificent folios with breathtaking color and sharp, crisp detail. Bind them into a huge 520 page library volume for collectors. The result is Knight Harvest, a rare, scarce private edition, the best of Knight, so exciting it defies description. This volume must be seen to be appreciated. That's why we offer it to you now on a free, no risk, no obligation 10-day inspection. Send only \$5.00 (the full price of this remarkable volume) with your name and address and ask for Knight Harvest on a 10-day free inspection. After you receive it and have an opportunity to inspect each page, only then do you have to decide if you want to keep it. If not, just return it for a full and immediate refund . . . no questions asked, it's that easy . . . a wonderful way to inspect this valuable collection at absolutely no risk. However, the supply is limited so rush your \$5.00 with order to: KNIGHT HARVEST, Box 69804, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.



DEAR ADAM



GLOBAL GIRLIES

How about giving us more pictorials of international girls? You spread on "Tashia" the Tartar girl was just a start, just a "sauce" like you said. And that was fine. And our regular "American" women are wonderful.

But—how about Mexican-American, Negro, Japanese (Nisei), Creole, Indian (Sioux, Apache, etc.)—not to mention Hawaiian, Eurasian, Chinese American, and all the rest of world feminines?

From one who is prejudiced in the direction of the female.

Thor Whitman
Clearwater, Florida

Fellow bigot, we will do our best!

BOUQUET FROM BUSH COUNTRY

I am writing to you for two reasons. One is to state how much I enjoy your ADAM "The Man's Home Companion" magazine. I have been reading your magazine for years, at least over four. The second reason is that I am one who works and lives in what is called the bush country of Canada. I can only buy your magazine when I make my usual trip to Seattle every four months, and have trouble finding back copies, so I miss some issues. Do you have any suggestions, since you don't seem to have subscriptions?

I have found that your magazine has not slipped in the quality of its stories (of which there should be at least four each month, nothing less.) Nor in its pictures and articles and other features.

I hope my letter has given you some thought to hash over your coffee and cigarettes when you are talking over ideas for future issues. One thing more—how about a quarterly issue of new stories, not old ones?

P. G. Russell
North Vancouver,
B.C., Canada

Thanks for your good words and counsel, which we will inevitably "hash over." You may get issues by writing to 8060 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles 90046, Calif.

ASSISTANCE, PLEASE

I am a disabled veteran who reports to the veterans' hospital three times a year for treatment. This means I go by the only newsstand in town that handles ADAM three times. I do not have any friends who travel this route to bring me the other copies that I miss. Please start something so I may subscribe to ADAM and receive it monthly in the mail. Thank you very much.

Jim Robinson
Minneapolis, Minn.

We are sorry that we are unable to offer subscriptions for ADAM at this time. However, I am sure your newsstand dealer would be glad to hold copies for you.

KEY NOTE

Several of my fellow employees suggested I write to you for an explanation concerning the enclosed comic cartoon (in ADAM, Vol. 10, No. 1.) We honestly can't analyze it.

Would you please do us the favor and explain the humor to us? The artist is De Carlo.

O. Gherardini
Centralia, Illinois

The cartoon depicts an explorer getting a key from inside a pyramid entrance door by means of the poke-it-through-to-the-slid-under-the-door-newspaper method. If you will notice, the explorer's eyes have that hangover look. In his condition, how can you expect him to remember to take the keys? Now, on further analysis . . . maybe you're right!

HALF STEP AT A TIME, SHARP!

Would it be possible to have Lon Watson, who wrote the article about Leslie Sharp ("The Gamine Gaubiti"), who was ADAM's Eye in Vol. 11, No. 12, get in touch with her and have her write to me? I'm quite serious as to this request as I'm presuming "Leslie Sharp" is her real or actual name. I want to find out if we are related, as I'd be proud to have a lovely, gorgeous, beautiful relation as Leslie.

I am on the level as to contacting Leslie to find if we are related.

I'd be grateful for the follow-up on the above by Lon Watson or anyone else who could get this ADAM's Eye to contact me.

Charles M. Sharp
Milwaukee, Oregon

We will forward the letter, but can't make any promises.

A COLLECTOR

Could you supply me with some information concerning what you publish? Example—would you supply me with some pictures like that of ADAM 1968 Calendar? I'll be glad to pay you for them. I collect them for my own personal use, and I love good photos, if taken right.

Please supply me with other photos of the following girls which appeared in ADAM Calendar:

- (1) Tiffany Lund, (2) Anne Fontaine, (3) Suzanne O'Hara, (4) Darby Bridges (without pants), (5) Tisha Stevens, (6) Mickey Jines and (7) curvaceous Dominique St. Joseph.

David Hickamann
Jonesboro, Arkansas

We do not have a photograph service, but among our advertisers you will find picture suppliers to whom you may make inquiry.

CRASH OF SYMBOLS

Whoever paints your new series, "ADAM Turns On History," is sure turned on himself to the phallic symbol. In his Antioch and Cleopatra painting in your last issue (Vol. 12, No. 1) I counted sword, stiff codpiece (loin leather), bird's beak, goatee, tassel on sword sheath, and probably more I missed.

He also got in the female sheath with open-winged bird in the essential place, swinging-out bell in the bird's mouth, bells in her hair, and of course the deep red enveloping cape.

This artist also sure paints a sensual picture. Who is he?

Dirk Strettgaard
New Orleans

Earl Marshall is the artist, who was very turned on by your compliments.

CHECK LIST OF IMPORTANT BOOKS FROM HOLLOWAY HOUSE!



Two shocking novels of Priestly behavior!

FATHER SILAS, FLESH AND BONE

By Beauregard de Faniente/Henry Crannach

The Priestly state of celibacy has been viciously attacked through many periods of history. Novels took delight in placing the clergy in highly erotic situations. FATHER SILAS and FLESH AND BONE are two classic examples of this style. FATHER SILAS was aimed to expose the licentious practices of some of the unmarried clergy in 18th Century France, while FLESH AND BONE concerns the problems faced by a devout nun who finally comes to the conclusion that she is not destined for a life of celibacy. Collector's item. Don't miss it!

HH-148 \$1.25



Customs and morals in the infamous court of Catherine the Great!

MEMOIRS OF A RUSSIAN PRINCESS

By Princess Vavara

Ranking in appeal with other such classic works as "The Perfumed Garden," THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS provides a rich background of the social mores of the Imperial Court of Russia in the 18th Century. Princess Vavara's story is one of extreme cruelty and utter licentiousness. Her rise to power was unique in the annals of Russian history. The uninhibited record of her affairs both political and intimate is corroborated from many historical sources as being a realistic account of the events which transpired during her lifetime. Don't miss this exciting edition.

HH-147 95c



The only complete translation of the rare German erotic classic!

PAULINE, MEMOIRS OF AN OPERA SINGER

Translated from the original German text

PAULINE is actually a psychological study of a young girl of the mid-Nineteenth Century, and her growing awareness of the world around her. Although Pauline is an opera star, almost none of the book deals with her career; rather, she relates the amorous details of her life. There have been several English versions of this book under various titles. Only Holloway House offers a complete, authentic, and thoroughly readable translation of this exciting Nineteenth Century classic.

HH-146 \$1.25



Two classics... in the De Sade Style

THE DEBAUCHED HECUPODIAR MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG RAKEHELL

by Guillaume Apollinaire

These two underground classics were banned worldwide since 1906. HECUPODIAR is a skillful satire on the writings of the Marquis de Sade, often slapstick, but powerful throughout. RAKEHELL is a serious autobiographical account of a young man's growing awareness of the sexual experience plus his encounters with various girls and women. Don't miss these two French underground classics!

HH-145 \$1.25



Double volume of Classic Harem Eroticism

THE HAREM OMNIBUS

Introduction by Milton Van Steele

"The Lustful Turk" and "A Night In A Turkish Harem" are two of the finest examples of classical eroticism that was popular during the Victorian Age. Primarily these two novels concern the capture and seduction of European ladies in Turkish and Persian harems. Accurate glimpses of the customs related to morality, virginity and marriage are explored. Don't miss this double novel of eroticism set in the mystic courts of the sensual East!

HH-144 \$1.25



Ancient Latin sex study now available in English

DE FIGURIS VENERIS (Classical Erotology)

by Friedrich Karl Forberg

The earliest collection of Erotology was printed in 1824. This exciting ancient study of copulation, pedication, irritation, masturbation, cunnilingus, tribadism is now available in a stimulating and readable version. Don't miss this classical study of ancient sex findings as only the ancients could tell it!

HH-137 95c



Memoirs of a lusty Roman

SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS

translated by Paul J. Gillette

This feared and forbidden classic of Imperial Age Rome is a detailed catalogue of the erotic adventures of three disreputable young men. Their perverted lusts are satisfied in a carnal circus of bi-sexual delights. Now it is possible to bring you this bold and erotic novel that has been secretly preserved through the ages!

HH-116 95c



Russia's answer to Fanny Hill!

GRUSHENKA, THREE TIMES A WOMAN

Introduction by Paul J. Gillette

Grushenka, undoubtedly is comparable with such erotic classics as Fanny Hill, The Scented Garden and Dolly Morton. This is the story of an innocent girl girl enslaved by a brutal, sadistic master in Czarist Russia. The truthfulness and sincerity of this book is absolutely shocking abuses. 1st American edition. Collector's item.

HH-134 \$1.25



The story of slavery in the deep South!

THE MEMOIRS OF DOLLY MORTON

Introduction by Paul J. Gillette

In pre-Civil War America, beautiful, young Dolly was an Abolitionist acting as a link in the Underground Railroad transporting slaves. She tells of the degrading effects slavery had on both slave and master. Here at last, is a first person account of the perversion, the whippings and the incredibly inhuman treatment that existed in the Deep South!

HH-133 95c



Sex, intrigue and adventure in exotic India

VENUS IN INDIA

by Captain Charles Devereaux

The amorous adventures of a dashing Captain assigned to India during the Afghan war. He got action, but not the military life. There was passionate Lizzy, the daughter of his C.O., Amy, who seduced him; Fanny, whom he loved; and Mabel, a precocious teenager. First American publication and highly exciting reading. Don't miss it!

HH-138 \$1.25



A Truly Fabulous Lover Tells All

THE MANY LOVES OF CASANOVA

This classic work of a man's extraordinary love life describes the incredible number of women he loved in wildly different ways which will stagger your imagination. For these are the personal uncensored memoirs of Jacques Casanova, a man whose life was dedicated to the art of love-making. Here are engaging accounts of matching wits and bodies... uninhibited, zesty and definitely adult reading!

2 vols. HH-103-104 \$1.50



The Most Unusual Stories Ever Written!

THE COMPLETE MARQUIS DE SADE

translated by Dr. Paul J. Gillette

At last! All the major stories of the infamous Marquis de Sade, collected into two companion volumes for the FIRST time. All the wildest imaginings of this fantastic man... many of them drawn from incidents in his own life or those of his unbelievably debauched contemporaries. Until Dr. Gillette undertook this astounding unexpurgated translation from the original French, no one had ever before dared to present so frank a version.

2 vols. HH-123-124 \$3.00

RUSH ORDER FORM - MAIL TODAY!

HOLLOWAY HOUSE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Dept. A-5 • P.O. Box 69804 • Los Angeles, California 90069

Please rush me the books marked on a 10-day money back guarantee. Enclosed is \$ ☐ Cash, ☐ Check, ☐ Money order, payment in full for all books.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> HH-103/104, Casanova @ \$1.50 (2 vols.) | <input type="checkbox"/> HH-138, Venus in India @ \$1.25 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HH-116, Satyricon @ 95c | <input type="checkbox"/> HH-144, Harem Omnibus @ \$1.25 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HH-123/124, Marquis de Sade @ \$3.00 (2 vols.) | <input type="checkbox"/> HH-145, Debauched Hecupodiar @ \$1.25 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HH-133, Dolly Morton @ 95c | <input type="checkbox"/> HH-146, Pauline @ \$1.25 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HH-134, Grushenka @ \$1.25 | <input type="checkbox"/> HH-147, Russian Princess @ 95c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HH-137, De Figuris Veneris @ 95c | <input type="checkbox"/> HH-148, Father Silas @ \$1.25 |

Name ☐ I am over 21

Address ☐

City ☐ State ☐ Zip Code ☐

Minimum order \$2.00; otherwise add 25c per book to cover handling and postage. California residents add 5% sales tax. Please allow three weeks for delivery.

HOLLOWAY HOUSE PUBLISHING CO.

DEPT A-5 • P.O. BOX 69804 • LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069



The hang-up on the telephone saved him from getting hung up on the couch

A COMPANY MAN

by Jack Lynch

Gerald Benson turned up the defroster and glanced at the dashboard clock, noticing Miss Felton had opened her raincoat and crossed her long legs. Gerald wished she hadn't done that. But then she couldn't know how rainy days affected him.

"Is this clock right?" he asked.

Miss Felton brushed back her coat sleeve. "Yes, it's almost two."

Gerald nodded, flexing his leather driving gloves as they climbed the 101 grade south of San Rafael. Probably they could make it back over the Golden Gate Bridge and down to

— turn the page



the plant in 45 minutes if they didn't get tied up in San Francisco traffic.

The girl clasped her hands behind her head and scrunched down in the seat with her eyes closed and a relaxed smile on her lips. Gerald felt a fleeting nervousness in the pit of his stomach. He'd drawn Miss Felton from the steno pool on several occasions, usually to help out Miss Janis. She'd always been most businesslike and efficient, enough so that despite her youth he'd about made up his mind to name her as his new secretary when Miss Janis left at the end of the month. But today, more specifically since they had started the drive back, Miss Felton seemed like a different person. Or was it just his own reaction to her in the rain?

"Rain, rain, go away," he murmured.

"What?" asked Miss Felton, opening her eyes.

"It seems to be raining harder."

Miss Felton stretched her arms. "Yes. There's something quite compelling about this sort of weather. Don't you think?"

Dear God, thought Gerald.

"Listen," he said impulsively, would you mind terribly if we swung past the house? I took home some work last evening and forgot it."

"Not all," replied Miss Felton. Gerald was conscious that she was staring at him. "I'm rather enjoying all this."

His eyes narrowed as he slowed for the turnoff to Sir Francis Drake Boulevard. What did she mean by that? Was it just getting out of the office for a while, taking notes during a luncheon meeting of the County Activities Council he presided over? Or did she mean being alone in a company car with Gerald Benson on a rainy day?

No, that was stupid. Rather intriguing, but stupid. The girl couldn't be more than 23 or 24, while Gerald was nearly twice that, with the sort of face people tended to forget and a dollop of pink skin crowning his head. At a stoplight he smoothed one hand across his scalp, glancing quickly at the girl. One certainly didn't tend to forget Miss Felton's face. She had high cheekbones guarding a long, perfectly formed nose with nostrils so delicately flared they might have been the work of a meticulous artisan of bone and flesh. Her eyes were deep set and smoky, and while her sleek, black hair was clipped quite short, on either side it swooped low to brush her cheeks like miniature scimitars.

Gerald sighed and concentrated once again on his driving, up Wolfe Grade, then into the circular drive

leading to his hillside home.

"It will take a few minutes to gather my papers," he explained, turning off the ignition. "You can wait here if you'd like, or perhaps you'd be more comfortable inside."

She pursed her narrow lips and stared through the rain-streaked windshield toward the empty double garage.

"Frankly, Mr. Benson, I don't think I should have had that third martini before lunch." She flashed him a brief smile. "Perhaps if we could spare a few moments longer your wife could fix me a cup of coffee."

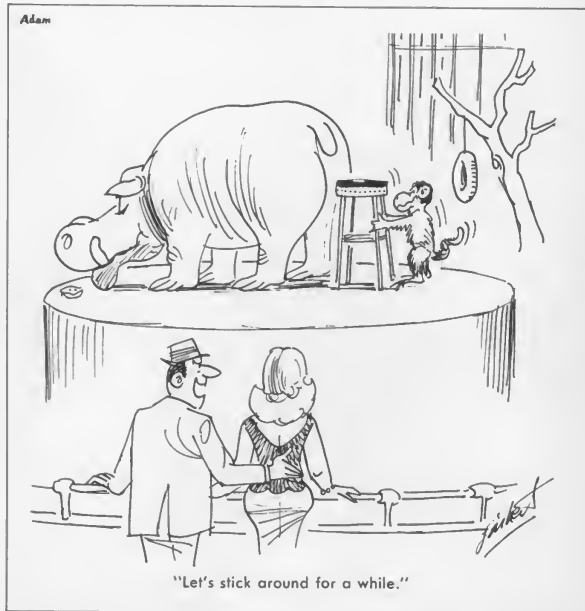
"Why you poor child, of course. Oh,

desk while Miss Felton crossed to the wide leather divan.

"How very masculine," she observed. He felt a quiet pride as the girl's dark eyes explored the room, from the bearskin rug in front of the fireplace to the hunting prints on the walls. "Do you spend much time in here?"

"Quite a bit," he said. "But you know what they say about all work and no play. That's why I've installed most of the comforts—coffee maker, phone, portable bar, the divan—"

Gerald squatted before the fireplace. "How about a little something to take the chill off?"



check that. No she can't either. She's shopping in the city today. We're meeting there for dinner."

"I could do it myself," suggested Miss Felton, looking away.

"Yes," said Gerald slowly. "Yes, I guess you could at that."

Inside he hung their coats in the front closet, then led the girl to the rear of the house.

"I keep all the fixings in my study," he explained, ushering the girl through the doorway.

The room was dim, despite the spacious window which framed the distant ridges of Mt. Tamalpais. Gerald snapped on the study lamp at his

"Oh, I'd like that," said Miss Felton. Gerald banked shavings and kindling against the remains of a log, then struck a fireplace match and held it aloft.

"Fire when ready!" he cried.

"I beg your pardon?" asked Miss Felton.

Gerald cleared his throat as he touched off the blaze.

"Oh, nothing really," he explained awkwardly. "Just a silly pattern my brain slips into from time to time."

The girl laughed pleasantly. "You're cute," she murmured.

My God, how long had it been since anybody had called him cute,

INCREDIBLE INSIDE STORY

Gerald wondered, crossing to draw shut the drapes. When he turned back to the room Miss Felton had settled on the divan and was staring at him. She certainly set a fellow on edge, staring at him that way.

"Well, the coffee maker's by the bar there, or—tell you what," said Gerald, studying the ship's wheel clock on the fireplace mantel, "it is after two, which won't leave much time for work this afternoon anyway. Um, would you rather have another martini?"

He'd said it rapidly to get it out before choking up. It was wrong to suggest such a thing he knew, but he personally had a sudden, urgent craving for another martini. Miss Felton didn't reply right away.

"I mean, don't think I'm trying to do anything improper," Gerald blurted.

"Don't be embarrassed," said the girl. "I wouldn't think it improper at all. In fact, I'd love another martini."

Gerald bounced toward the door. "I'll get ice."

He hurried out to the kitchen, torn between remorse and delight. Yes, that really was going a bit far, offering her another drink. But dammit, the girl had accepted. And what about that smile she flashed him on his way out of the room? Was it born of conspiracy or business camaraderie?

He opened the freezer compartment and stared at the three full trays of ice cubes. He could still set it right. Empty just one tray, fix them each a single martini, gather his papers and flee back to the office. He hesitated, his mind and conscience struggling. On the other hand, it might be an ideal opportunity to determine whether he and Miss Felton could function as a sensible business team on rainy days or in any other trying circumstances. Gerald shrugged and removed all three trays.

"The iceman cometh," announced Gerald, lugging the plastic bucket to the bar. "Decided to bring plenty, in case you wanted yours over the rocks."

Miss Felton, now in her stocking feet, had crossed to peruse the titles in his bookcase.

"Mixed in a pitcher will be fine," she said absently.

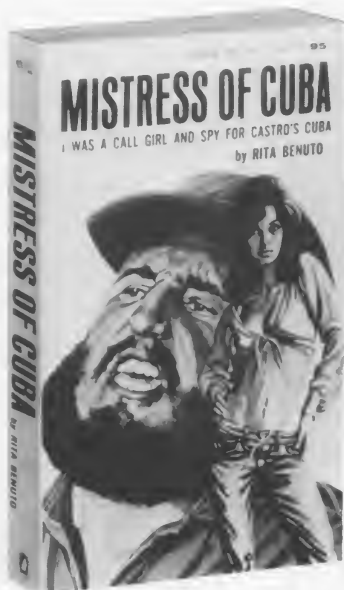
Gerald bent diligently to the task. Presently, Miss Felton wandered over to watch.

"Mmmmm, Italian vermouth even. You keep a well stocked bar, Mr. Benson."

"Semper Fi." Gerald grinned.

"What?"

"Oh God, no," he corrected him—turn to page 64



CONFESSIONS OF A BEDROOM SPY FOR THE CUBAN GESTAPO!

95¢

Truth About Political Turmoil & Sex In Cuba!

A thrilling, shocking modern day adventure... and every word of it is true! Rita Benuto, born poor and destined like the other girls of her village to be the wife of a sugar cane cutter, rebelled against her fate. Rita had other, more stimulating ideas. She used her feminine wile and abundant sexual attractiveness to ascend to a high position in Castro's government. She was a spy. Here are all the details, too incredible to be fiction! A shocking story of sex, political intrigue, and finally escape to freedom from Cuba to the U.S.A. Never before published! This is an original Holloway House edition.

**NOW ON SALE
AT ALL
BOOKSELLERS**

Or use coupon to
order direct from
the publisher.
Payment must
accompany order.

RUSH ORDER FORM

HOLLOWAY HOUSE PUBLISHING CO., Dept. A-5
8060 MELROSE AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90046

Gentlemen: I enclose \$_____ ☐ Cash, ☐ Check, ☐ Money
order, payment in full for _____ copies of **MISTRESS OF CUBA**,
at 95¢ (plus 25¢ per order to cover handling and shipping). I under-
stand that if I am not wholly satisfied, I may return my order
within 10 days for a complete refund. (This order restricted to
adults only. California residents please add 5% tax. Allow three
weeks for delivery.)

Name _____ ☐ I am over 21

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____





The pip on the radar screen was climbing in like the real thing . . .

A MATTER OF A SOLDIER'S ETIQUETTE

by Gary Paulsen

The equipment room was silent except for the hum of rack upon rack of electronic range finding gear. Nine men—the fire controller, a lieutenant named Shell Hemesvedt, and eight technicians—stood or sat frozen, as though suddenly taken with paralysis. Here and there on a forehead could be seen a trickle of perspiration that left a glistening trail as it slid unnoticed down a cheek. ■ One man alone was moving. He was a private, and the plotter. Before him stood a large clear-plastic chart, crossed and recrossed with coordinates of the area surrounding the missile battery—a circle two hundred miles in diameter around Rapid City, South Dakota. The plotter was on a different

—turn the page

communications network from the other nine men—his own private hookup with the early-warning radar systems located in adjacent quadrants—and as he received target information he would reach up with a grease pencil and make illegible scrawls on the plastic map. It was a point of quiet pride with the plotter that nobody but he could read the scrawls, and after jotting them, he would turn and say aloud what he'd written. His last verbal plot is what had "frozen" the room, and he said it now again because he liked the effect it had—the startling effect.

"Forty angels," the plotter intoned, carefully holding his voice in the proper, flat key. "No course alter, bearing three-five-zero-zero mills."

"All right, all right, goddammit!" Lt. Hemesvedt jerked to life and looked to the plot board. "Affirm, affirm! I copy forty angels..." He turned to the man sitting next to him, the radar operator. "Johnson?"

Johnson answered without looking up. "Nothing on the scope yet, sir—but he's probably still out of our ac-

circle anyway. You don't think he's private, do you?"

"At forty thousand feet? You're kidding," Lt. Hemesvedt snorted. "I can just see one of these jackass ranchers horsing his little twin-Bonanza to forty angels..." He tapered off and turned suddenly to the communications technician. "Simpson—cue in the SAC show at Ellsworth and have them run a quick check on any incoming commercial airlines. It's coming out of the north, across Canada, dead at our site. Tell them if they haven't got one on the docket, they'd better scramble some fighters. We sure as hell don't know who he is."

"I've got him," Johnson cut in. "Range two hundred thousand yards, bearing thirty-five hundred, altitude thirty-nine-five angels, airspeed—" He broke off and counted sweeps on the scope, measuring the time between sweeps against the movement of the pip on the bright orange line of the sweep, "—seven-forty knots."

Lt. Hemesvedt watched the scope over his shoulder. "He's making commercial airline speed, isn't he?"

"Yessir," Johnson answered. "Or bomber..."

"All right now, take it easy," Shell sighed. "Break off him and look around for any others. Let's see what we've got out there before we come off the walls with predictions."

While Johnson scanned, Shell let his mind wander briefly over the possibilities. OK, he thought, we've got an unidentified target—we've got a bogie. So what? It's happened before—and often. What's the big sweat? It's probably just a com-airline jet blown off course...

"Sir," the communications tech called from the other end of the room, "SAC says no airlines are scheduled for that spot at the present time. They also say no airlines have reported a plane off course..."

"So are they going to scramble or sit on their duffs?"

"Negative—no scramble. The unit is in the process of transferring and there was a mix-up in schedules or something. All scramble jets left two hours ago for the new base—and no new ones have arrived. Stand by, they're hacking at me again—" He held up his hand.

"Johnson,"—Shell took advantage of the break—"Trigger him with a little IFF. If they're so screwed up down there that they don't have any scramble-birds that bastard coming in could be one of our guys—"

"Sir," the communications tech interrupted. "Sir, there's a colonel on the line. A Colonel Bradshaw. He's the SAC commander for the new unit that's coming in—"

"All right, we don't have time for biographies," Shell snapped. "What does he say?"

"Range, one-hundred-and-fifty K-yards," Johnson cut in. "Closing with no course-alter. Negative return on IFF."

"He says," the communication tech's voice cracked, "you are cleared to fire if necessary. Use your own discretion."

"He what?" In two strides Shell was at the side of the communications tech and had torn away the headset.

"Sir," he said. "Begging the Colonel's pardon, but would he please repeat that order for the benefit of the fire director's ears?"

The nasal twang that come from the headset rang with authority. "I stated that as commander of this base I am authorizing you to fire if you deem it necessary to protect this base from enemy attack. I realize that this may place undue responsibilities—"

"Thank you, sir," Shell tried with little success to keep the sarcasm out of his words and handed the headset

Adam



"Look, Mac, I'm busy with your wife now. When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it."

back to the communications tech. Jesus, he thought—Jesus, Jesus, *Jesus*—right out of the book. “I stated that as commander—” Jesus! And if it turned out to be an airliner, a hundred people wouldn’t even see it coming and the ten men in this room would probably go insane dreaming about women and kids being turned to cinders and he would hang . . .

“One hundred thousand yards.” Johnson yelled. “Target climbing. Altitude forty-one angels.”

Climbing! That was the maneuver of a nuclear-armed bomber on target approach. “Climbing-in,” they called it, and it was performed to put the plane at maximum altitude over target to escape the heat of the nuclear fireball. That settled it, Shell knew. He had only yes-answers for a kill order.

“Arm!” he yelled down the room. “Arm all circuits. Move to situation Red—repeat, Red. Twelve seconds to firing on my mark—mark!”

Reflexes—well trained and polished—grabbed the group of men and made them perform smoothly, almost gracefully, as they went about the deadly business of firing an antiaircraft missile. Down on the pad, one second after the controller’s time-mark, the sleek, white nose of an armed missile aimed itself into the sky and automatically set its gyros for a correct base line to the unsuspecting aircraft.

“Five seconds!” Shell shouted, and his finger, almost by itself, extended and flicked up the red hood over the fire-button. A quiet sort of single-minded purpose took him then—at five seconds—and he felt a dull horror when he realized that all he really had to worry about was the action involved in a half a second. He had done everything down to the actual act of firing so many times he could do it in his sleep—and often had.

“Three seconds!” his eyes watched approvingly as Johnson turned up the intensity of the scope to show the burst brighter when it occurred.

“Two—one—fire!”

“Missile away!”

And the second was over—carried through by reflexes. The bird was on its way—or the hammer had started to fall on a pistol, the two were much the same. The missile would go up, drop its booster, and “walk its own brain to the target.” Lt. Hemesvedt carefully watched the burst countdown clock that told seconds to impact. There would be a slight “drag” in time about ten seconds before burst, while the missile made a last-second correction.

“Pre-burst!” Johnson suddenly split the tense quiet—his eyes riveted to the

scope. “She blew too soon! Christ! Look at her smear!”

Halfway to the light blip of the plane, a splash of yellow-orange gushed down the sweep-line and flared out as the missile detonated early and the radar beam picked up the debris and fireball of the explosion.

Lt. Hemesvedt knew there wasn’t time to get another bird on the pad and up before the plane made its final run. But instead of feeling depressed, a strange elation took his mind. If it was a bomber, he’d tried to stop it—he’d performed his mission—and in failing he almost deserved to be consumed in the fireball that would most certainly follow. It was the simple statement of the etiquette of a soldier in combat—screw-up and die.

If on the other hand, he thought, leaning back and closing his eyes—quietly ready for whatever would shortly happen—it was a civilian airline, no damage would be done. A hundred innocent people would remain alive.

“Lost target!” Johnson exclaimed.

“It went over us. Stand by—” He spun a handwheel, then smiled. “Resume track on the down leg. No bomb drop on scope.”

So, it *had* to be a commercial airplane. Ah, thought Lt. Hemesvedt, sweet hellish fate—those people would never know how close they came to being ashes. He handed a cigarette to Johnson, took one himself, and lit them both with shaking hands.

“Sir,” the communications tech yelled. “The colonel’s on the hook again.”

“Tell him we missed—reason unknown at this time. Or better yet, we missed due to technical problems beyond the control of even our finest technicians—that ought to hold him.”

“He says he knows you missed, sir. He says it was all a test—to see if our site is ready if the balloon goes up, or something like that.”

“A test? You mean the plane was a drone?”

“Yes sir—that’s what the colonel says. And sir?”

“Yeah—”

“He says you flunked.”



“Sixteen—shmixteen! I say if they’re big enough, they’re old enough.”

PURRFECT!

Now you can achieve the same levels of satisfaction that I have! When I introduced the "Kitten Mitten" to my mate-sharing group the response was such that I felt I should offer this new soft, fur-like mitten with a luxurious satin lining to other couples, singles and groups such as ours so they may explore the sensual levels as we have. "Kitten Mitten" comes in three sizes... small at \$3.50, med at \$5.00 and large at \$6.00. I will answer each order personally, and if you like, I will enclose a complete set of my photos that you'll really enjoy! Act now. Limited supply. Send cash, check or money order.

TIGERS Dept. 2682
P.O. BOX 941 • LAWDALE, CALIFORNIA

We know YOU want. UNUSUAL MOVIES OF WOMEN

FREE Brochure
(enclose 25c handling)

SOLAR Box 1476 Dept. 2730, Studio City, Calif

FULL NUDE SAMPLE FILM \$1

EUROPEAN BEAUTIES

FREE LIST

\$1.00 brings you by fast, safe air mail photos of Saba's best models. French slides, 12mm film. \$2.00 for a special set that is sure to please. Selection of 8 German colour slides only \$3.00

AVANTEX, 61 Norwalkshire Rd London, SW16, England

BURLESQUE MOVIE \$1.00 ☐
NUDIST MOVIE \$1.00 ☐
FRENCH MOVIE \$2.00 ☐

8 MM NATURAL UNRETouched

LAMPCO PRODUCTIONS • DEPT. 2730
P.O. BOX 85051 • HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90027

Select

For sophisticated couples & singles everywhere who value discretion and confidence. A modern club devoted to unusual, exciting correspondence with friends whose interests are similar.

FREE! Details and List of Sample Ads

SELECT CLUB
BOX 889, DEPT. 5, CAMDEN, N.J.

LIBERAL WEST COAST COUPLE

Interested in home made movies, will **SELL** or **SWAP** films of unusual indoor activity. Send \$5 for movie or \$1 for Polaroid photos to T&L, P.O. Box 27041, Hollywood, California 90027

Dept. 2730

JUST CALL ME

I Have a Personal Message for You

"PUSSYCAT"

I've spoken all my secret thoughts on a special 33-1/3 LP record just for you... and so you can see exactly what I look like while you are listening I'll enclose a full length picture of myself. I do love to please and you'll find out just how, when you listen to my record and look at my picture. Just send \$1.00 to: **PUSSYCAT, Dept. 2682 8512 Whitworth Dr., Los Angeles, Calif.**

Queen, from page 13

See my charms
See my bell clapper
Sausage grinder
To the sound of this instrument
I play a beautiful carillon."

Antoinette: "Ah! Chevalier, I shall not answer in verse. (She exposes and opens the gates to the temple of love.) "I speak only prose. No one but you has such a talent for being both a good poet and a good lover. However, it is due to the second title that I open the gate. Come now, enter."

Chevalier de B— (holding his priapus in his hand): "Love made me a poet. It is you who inspired me with those verses. Ah! Sweet and happy moment!" (He lies upon her. The Baron, the Marquess and the Bishop sodomize each other while waiting their turns.)

Antoinette (speaking to the sodomites): "You wicked queers, how impatient you are! Shouldn't you have waited until the Chevalier finished his work? Then you could have injected your genital broth into my cauldron."

The Bishop: "I've still got some and even more than you require. I've got enough to fill up your pot."

Later, in this same charming bit of character assassination, Marie Antoinette and the Cardinal of Rohan are alone, discussing the recent scandal over the diamond necklace affair. Rohan says he understands why he was in disfavor with Marie, that she wanted to go to bed with him and he couldn't manage it because he'd been to bed with her four times that day. The play ends with a slam at the parentage of Marie's children, as the Cardinal takes her off to bed promising to make her mother to a new duke of Normandy.

It is with such material that Marie Antoinette of France has been linked with the great nymphomaniacs of history. Yet, she does not seem to fit the image one would create in one's mind when thinking of a highly sexed woman. A bust of Marie by Sevres in her boudoir at Fontainebleau shows her to have been small mouthed, with a large nose. At one time she took up classically inspired styles, curling her hair in antique ringlets. David's sketch, *Marie Antoinette on the Way to Execution*, shows a hatchet broad with a big nose, tight lips, stringy hair, bulbous breasts, dressed in what appears to be a nightcap. David, of course, was the artist of the revolution and would automatically have been prejudiced against the queen. Nor does a lack of personal beauty guarantee that a woman of position cannot gain

NAKED LOVE

A MAN... A WOMAN... ALONE... TOGETHER... IN LOVE... with all the tenderness and emotion that nature intended...

NAKED LOVE on film at last dates to reveal the intimacies of life's most poignant emotion with open candor, unrepressed, uninhibited.

8mm film 100' \$10.00 200' \$16.00
OR SEND \$1.00 FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE

PACIFICA DEPT. 2730
941 N. LA CIENEGA BLVD. LA, CALIF. 90069

Do You Own A Movie Projector If You Do

Just send your name and address to Diane & Jean, Box 157-KA Union City, N.J., and we will write to you personally. Must be over 21.

IT'S NEW! IT'S DIFFERENT!

FILMS AND PHOTOS

Each order given my personal attention. Send \$1.00 for film strip plus details to:

SELA PRODUCTS, Dept. 120
Box 126, St. Laurent 9, P.Q. Canada

MISS MARIE OWENS

is now making her own photos available to the public. Anyone wishing to obtain a 4x5 sample and information send 25¢ with name and address to:

Miss Marie Owens
P.O. Box 2 Dept. 2730
Alhambra, Calif. 91802

FOR SOPHISTICATES: CLUB JOY

SWINGIN' GALS, GUYS!

BIG LIST Names, addresses of ladies and gents looking for new interesting contacts. Write them now. Write them direct. Complete list \$1.00. LADIES LISTED FREE

ROYAL—AC-16 Box 11, Brookline, N.Y. 11236

COLOR FREE SAMPLES

Color samples of Cyn and Debbie. Two swinging young girls alone. For a look into their private world... send 25¢, for handling, to:

CASE DEPT. 2730
8810 Melrose
Los Angeles, Calif. 90069

WOW

AMAZING NEW FRENCH DISCOVERY GIVES GREATER SEXUAL PLEASURE THAN ANYTHING EVER USED BEFORE

SEND \$1.00 FOR BROCHURE

QUALITY PRODUCTS Dept. 2682
P.O. BOX 1045, HAWTHORNE, CALIF. 90250

COMPLETELY NAKED

Here's **DIANA**
THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL BODY
IN HOLLYWOOD

WILD • ACTION
FRONT VIEW

GUARANTEED
TOTALLY NUDE
See For Yourself

20 FOOT
8MM FOR \$1
S&L PRODUCTS

OR
SEND 25¢
FOR
ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE
REF. 2027 1500 N. HIGHLAND
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90009



NEGRO WOMAN **PASST** AND IN
NEED OF MONEY
I HAVE PHOTOS ESPECIALLY POSED TO
PLEASE (NEED I SAY MORE?) **SOFT-NO**
FREE SAMPLES OR CATALOGS
INTRODUCTORY OFFER \$2.00 OTHER
SETS \$6.95. ADULTS ONLY SEND TO
P. PLAN-BOX 113PK-LEFFERTS
STATION-BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11226 Dept. A-5

SPANISH
GIRL PHOTOS
6 Delightful
Positions \$1
KITTEN CLUB AG-16
Box 11, Canarsie 514
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236



! FLESH RUBBER !
AN AMAZING NEW RUBBER THAT LOOKS AND
FEELS LIKE ACTUAL FLESH!

Amazing FleshRubber can easily be formed into
any shape or size you desire. You will be fasci-
nated by the unique and unusual things you can
make FleshRubber into... Comes in a 10 inch
long by 1 3/4 inch round bar. Simple instructions
and illustrations included. Your satisfaction guaran-
teed! For each 10 inch FleshRubber bar send \$5
or send 25¢ for descriptive brochure to:
Q-Z CO., DEPT A-5 BOX 135, TUSTIN, CALIFORNIA

EROTICA COSMORAMA The Seeds in Natural Ac-
tion. Form & Color. By sealed 1st Class Mail \$1.00
M.V. Studio, 26 Bloombsbury Way, Soho 1, Ldn. Eng

SCANDINAVIAN
PHOTOS! Sensational, differ-
ent. \$1.00 brings samples and complete cat-
alogue. Series \$5, \$10, \$20, \$40. Color
slides, movies, magazines, books.

SCANDIAPRESS
BOX 19, SKOVUNDE, DENMARK

★ **NEW** ★
MARITAL PRODUCTS
FOR MEN
★ ★ ★ ★

We specialize in products to aid in the
sexual fulfillment of marital relations.
Avoid embarrassment and enjoy your-
self at the same time. Completely ex-
ternal. A truly revolutionary discovery.
Produce stimulations beyond belief.
For complete details and sensationally
illustrated brochure send \$1.00.

ATLAS - P. O. BOX 1656 Dept. 2682
HAWAIIAN GARDENS, CALIF 90715

a reputation as a lover. The historian
Durant said of Messalina, "Her head
was flat, her face florid, her chest
malformed; but a woman need not be
beautiful to commit adultery."

Simple adultery by a person of high
position in the Eighteenth Century
was not enough to earn a reputation
as that owned by Marie Antoinette.
Had times been better, she may have
been a glamour figure of the caliber
of the mistress of Louis XV, Madame
du Barry. Had Marie enjoyed a better
home life with her husband, the King,
she would not have, perhaps, gather-
ed around her such people as Yo-
lande de Polastron, Comtesse de Poli-
gnance, who was reputed to have rather
wild sexual appetites; nor would she
have tempted into cuprices by the
playful Princesse De Lamballe. She
did, however, seek amusement in hap-
py times before the revolution so
that the popular writers, "the frogs
along the Seine", had some facts on
which to string their fancies.

As a result, we must weed fiction
from fact before deciding whether
or not Marie Antoinette cut as wide
a swath in the fields of the boudoir
as did the famous courtesans of his-
tory who preceded her.

Did Marie Antoinette go to the
guillotine a wronged woman with pic-
tures of horror in her mind? They pa-
raaded under her window with the
head of her friend, Lamballe, on a
spit. Or did she die a woman who
had tested all of life's forbidden pleas-
ures? Was she truly pictured in an-
other song of her time?

Without fear of the King
Let's make love through the
night

To play out your role
Take my tool in your hand
In your redish charms
I enjoy

The most exquisit bliss
As I bed the Queen of France.

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

- Ellis, Dr. Albert and Sagarin, Edward,
Nymphomania, Gramercy 1964
- Hervez, Jean, *Les Galanteries a la cour*
de Louis XVI, Bibliotheque des Cu-
rieux, 1911. English translation by
Peter Kanto, publication to be an-
nounced.
- Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1967
Journee amoureuse, Memoires historiques
et politique de regne de Louis XVI
and *The Austrian Whore*, pamphlets of
Jacobin origin, 18th Century
- The Royal Whorehouse*, 18th Century
Jacobin pamphlet
- Hervez, Jean, *Libertine songs*, Biblio-
theque des Curieux, 1911



THE ONLY UNRETOUCHED

MR.
SUN

MALE
NUDIST
Publication of its Kind!
SEND \$5.00
For Your Copy Now!

— OR —
Send \$1.00 for Full Color
Brochure (Refundable on
first order) to:

WYNGATE & BEVINS, INC.
Dept. A-5
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

NAKED! CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA

My roommate and I made an intimate film in our
Hollywood Apt. for this \$4 only... I revealing Nudes
our lush young bodies during everything to please you
RUSH ME \$3.00 FOR THIS DARING 50 ft. FILM
FOR ADDITIONAL INFO SEND 25¢ TO:
JEWEL P.O. BOX 13662 DEPT 2730
LOS ANGELES 39, CALIF

WARNING!

These lurid sellers are only for the select
few bold enough and man enough to test
the unique stimulation of the world's most
sought after books and special publica-
tions. Don't look in bookstores or news-
stands—some are privately printed, all are
understandably rare even now. Send \$1.00
for sophisticated sample and catalog

DELTA P. O. Box 25115
Los Angeles, Calif. 90025 • Dept. 103

Art Films & Photos

50ft., 8mm \$4, 200 ft., \$12, 50ft., 8mm color \$8,
100ft., color \$16, 8 4x5 photo \$2,
5 2x2 slides \$2, Artist Playing Cards \$4,
Giant 5x7 Nude Art Model Cards \$5
NUDIST CATALOG \$1, State age & sign
SAMPLES RUSH \$1 (REFUNDABLE)
LYNN SALES, DEPT. A-4
BOX 42755, CHICAGO, IL 60642



3 GIRLS

We have photos that most look for without
finding (NO EXAGGERATION EITHER).
Photos taken of the night when we
"really" let ourselves go. No free samples
or follow-up mailing. 9 of our best pix-\$2.
Send to E.R. and T. Box 484 A-5 Stratford,
Connecticut, 06497. — Adults only

TICKLE HER 'FANCY'

Now you can tickle her fancy with real
French Nageoires imported from France.
Tittering guaranteed or money refunded.
3 for \$1.00.

French Nageoires, Dept. A-5
Box 447, Hollywood, Calif. 90028



JOY **ALMA**
Two well-endowed girls for your viewing pleasure.
Both are eager and vibrant, beautiful.
These revealing artful poses are guaranteed
sensational. Each girl has 12 4x5" photos for
\$2. Both girls \$3. Positive no minors. R&M
Enterprises—P.O. Box 290 • Mentor, Ohio 44040
Dept. A-5

STRAIGHT FROM THE ORIGINALS

REAL STAG STORIES



A fantastic opportunity to obtain an authentic privately printed edition of those rare humorous pass-along favorites you used to enjoy; often type-written, now published with every description vividly retained!

- MIDGET AND DUCHESS
- LADY AND ST. BERNARD
- CAPTIVE TO 6 WOMEN
- SHE STOOPS TO WIN
- TRAVELING SALESMAN
- PLUS Many Others, Guaranteed To Please

SENSATIONAL LIMITED EDITION \$1.98
 Rush cash, check or money order. Sorry, no COD's

PRIVATE EDITIONS

MAILING ADDRESS
 BOX 69856, DEPT. E-28
 LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90069

FREE LOVE
the WIFE SWAPPERS
CULTISTS **SEX (SIN)**
SUBURBIA

Sex Parties of the "Swinging Set" Openly Exposed in this New 8mm Motion Picture!

W RITTEN GUARANTEE with each order

PART 1 200 FT.	\$20.00
PART 1 plus PHOTO SET	\$25.00
PART 1 & 2 400 FT.	\$30.00
PART 1 & 2 plus PHOTO SET	\$35.00
PHOTO SET 20 GLOSSIES	\$10.00
SAMPLE COLOR FILM	\$ 1.00

VEWES, 5332 SUNSET BLVD. DEPT. A-5
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90027

I'm Lonely too Mister...

And it isn't you, I know. Perhaps you are alike. I'm quiet, don't care much for Hollywood-type "fun", and spend much of my time working and writing new "Pen Pal" exchanging ideas with a few "hip" fellows who take an interest in me.

I'm a figure model. But I got awfully tired of some "promoters" selling my special films and pics to just anyone so decided to offer them myself, to my own trusted friends. Will you be my friend? Tell me about yourself.

I send you an intimate personal letter, along with some most unusual film and photo samples. (Won't you please enclose just \$1 to help cover expenses!) This can be a wonderful experience for both of us!

Your new friend,
Carol

P.S. Please don't reply unless you're 21 or over. EYE MILLER, Dept 2730 P.O. Box 2162, Van Nuys, California 91410.

Company, from page 57

self. "That's Marines. What I meant to say was *Semper Par*, the Coast Guard thing."

"What Coast Guard thing?"

"Their Latin motto," Gerald explained, his hand trembling slightly as he raised the vermouth bottle. "*Semper Peratus*. Means 'Always Ready.'"

"Oh really," murmured Miss Felton.

The girl returned to the divan as Gerald poured the drinks. She had tucked her long legs beneath her, letting her skirt slide above her knees, and was lighting a cigarette as Gerald carried over the glasses. He handed her one and hesitated, not knowing whether to join her on the divan or to move across to his desk.

"Are you comfortable enough?" he asked. "I could turn up the heat."

"No, I'm fine," she said, patting the cushion beside her. He settled a careful three feet away from her as she sipped from the drink.

"Oh, wow. You fix a nice martini, Mr. Benson."

"Call me Gerald, if you like. By the way, Miss Felton, what is your first name?"

"Jody."

"Oh. That's nice, also."

The girl laughed. "Poor Gerald. Why are you so up tight?"

"So what?"

"Tense, Nervous."

He shrugged. "It goes with the executive position, I suppose."

Her eyes twinkled over the rim of the martini glass. "Tell me something, Gerald. Outside you called me, 'you poor child.' Do you really think of me as a child?"

"Oh God, no," said Gerald, brushing one hand across the top of his head. "It's ah... a form of speech is all. No, I definitely don't consider you a child, Miss Felton, Jody."

He bolted the rest of the drink, and as if it were a cue, the girl finished her own.

"Do you have a radio or anything?"

Gerald rose and crossed the room to manipulate the panel of switches beside his desk. Wall speakers concealed behind his hunting prints flooded the room with Jackie Gleason's *Music to Make Love By*. He could have kicked himself for not remembering he'd had that tape on. But it was old enough; perhaps she wouldn't recognize it.

"It's my own tape system," he explained. "I'm afraid I really pamper myself in here."

"Why not?" Jody asked. "And why not fix up another drink while you're up?"

"Of course," said Gerald, crossing

to retrieve her glass. She didn't release it immediately. Their fingers touched around the crystal stem.

"Gerald," she said softly, "did you ever bring Miss Janis here? Before you hired her, I mean?"

The muscles in Gerald's face tightened. "Why no, I don't believe so. Why do you ask?"

The girl released the glass to lean back with her hands clasped behind her head. It drew her blouse tautly across her breasts.

"It's no secret that Miss Janis is leaving," the girl explained calmly. "And you've requested me from the steno pool enough times so I suspected I might be in the running to replace her."

"That's right," admitted Gerald. "You are."

The girl lifted one shoulder. "I'm just curious about how hard I should run."

Gerald had a momentary urge to excuse himself and go hide in the bathroom, but marshaling more courage than he ordinarily displayed in a month's time, he asked, "How hard are you willing to run?"

"As hard as you'd like, Gerald."

Gerald turned and crossed to the bar. My God, but she certainly couldn't be much more explicit than that. He stood gripping the bar edge, as primal urges he'd tucked deeply away years ago, like fading linen in a closet, began bubbling through him. His imagination painted stark portraits of his and Jody Felton's naked bodies locked in heaving euphoria on the divan; her long legs and quivering flanks; her round, trim bottom he'd admired so many times moving about the office.

The gin bottle slipped from his hands and he scrambled on the floor for it, but the girl paid no notice to his clumsiness. She sat in the same relaxed position, watching; waiting.

"There are — problems," he said quietly, concentrating on the stir bowl.

"What problems?" she asked softly.

"Oh God, you know. About mixing business with pleasure."

"Crap," said Jody Felton, stabbing out her cigarette. "Are you really that blind to what goes on, Gerald?"

"Whatever do you mean?"

"In the steno pool, we refer to ourselves as *The Harem*."

Gerald shook his head as he returned with the drinks to settle some distance from her. "I've always thought of myself as a company man," he said thoughtfully. "Things like that were never tolerated. Not in major firms."

SATISFY YOUR WIFE

Is she frustrated because your climax comes too fast? In *Sex Harmony* booklet a doctor tells ● how easy way can help delay climax, prolong pleasure, satisfy wife, she then thrills with sensations you evoke in her, desires you more often ● importance of sex relations ● health effects ● sex techniques ● love zones ● how to make erect organ bigger, stiffer, harder ● how to move it for clitoral arousal ● how to achieve mutual fulfillment. Adults only. Just write "Send SH, I'm over 21" and mail with only \$1 (no CODs) for your revealing copy. Plain, sealed wrapper marked "Personal", 10-day return privilege. Don't miss it. Order NOW! Frankwell Co., Rm 22-M, Box 120, Union City, N.J. 07087

2 BIG NEGRO BEAUTIES

I'm Joan and my friend is Dianne. We posed for pix and these sets are for sale.

- 1-Watch Me Strip \$2
- 2-See Me in Transparent \$2
- Negligee \$2
- 3-See me take a bath \$2
- 4-See my "Big Big" Friend Try \$2

Any 3 sets - \$5 plus 4 bonus pix, 4 sets - \$7 plus 12 bonus pix. Adults only. PO-DJ-PO Box 93 315 Empire Blvd., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11225, Dept. A-5

NUDES!

"THE KING YOU WANT!"

Daring, uninhibited models posed to reveal all their full blown charms. In unrevealed color prints.

\$2.00 8x10s; \$3.24 prints

SAMOTH MODELS

Box 8156
La Crescenta, Calif. 91214

English Lady Photographer offers to Private collectors Exclusive sets of Photos of "Odette", an amateur French Model, 42-25-40—and she's just one of the fabulous Beauties on my lists—prices, which include Airmail return and full lists—only \$3, \$5 and \$10.

MAXZINE, 73 Albert Road, Walthamstow
London E. 17, England

Free Viewer

WITH

NUDE

COLOR TRANSPARENCIES

ONLY \$3.00 VIEWER INCLUDED

CAROUSEL COLOR - DEPT 2230
BOX 948 - HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

BUNNY CLUB

extends a cordial invitation to sophisticated, discerning swingers. Ladies gentlemen who are looking for new interesting contacts. There are special people NEAR YOU who share your interests and desires. "Exclusive list" of descriptions and desires of modern adults eager to meet you, only \$1.00.

KOTAL - DEPT. A-5 Box 11, Canasota Sta.
Brooklyn, New York 11238

TURNON



With the greatest Bmm films ever made. Fantastic, but the real thing. Why settle for second best when you can have the greatest. All just as you like it. Seeing is believing... you'll flip! Rush \$1.00 right now for brochure/sample on these amazing films. Also rush \$5.00 for surprise special Bmm movie, guaranteed.

GATEWAY DEPT. A-5

P.O. BOX 46536 LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90046

"Things like that were never so easy."

"How do you mean?"

The girl tilted her head, studying him, as if she had difficulty finding him real. "I mean the pill, and the loop, and changing values and mores. My heavens, Mr. Benson, where have you been?"

"I don't know," said Gerald, staring into his drink. "It doesn't seem right, somehow. Not for a company man."

"How about the convention scene, Gerald?"

"Hmmm?"

"The convention scene. You know, during the day all of the respectable out-of-town business types having their little meetings, then at night the pitter-patter of pretty young ladies up and down the hotel corridors."

"Oh heavens, that's entirely different. We don't all do it, for one thing, and besides, it's a diversion. Like sailors on leave."

"It's still going to bed with a girl you hardly know."

"But there's safety in that alone, don't you see?"

"I suppose you've never encountered husbands and wives on the executive level trying to make out with somebody else's husband or wife?" She'd lit another cigarette and blew a thin stream of smoke toward Gerald's face.

"Oh yes," he replied gloomily. "There's always that. But those things always turn out so sticky, somehow. Unless they're terribly discreet."

The girl picked up her drink and sipped from it. "What could be more discreet than this?" she asked softly.

The Gleason tape had ended, and was followed by a lively Tijuana Brass number. Jody Felton leaned back on the pillows and began moving her shoulders in time to the music.

Gerald rose shakily to his feet, took a step away, then turned back to the girls, passing one hand across his scalp. "But why me? Why do you want an old duffer like me?"

Jody, with her eyes closed, continued moving her body in time with the music. "I told you; I want Miss Janis' job. And more—you're not that old. I just like men, Gerald. You are a man, aren't you?"

He had to turn away from the sight of her, and crossed to the bar. Could he trust her? Could he avoid sticky emotional involvements? She was right, of course. Other people in the plant did it, he knew full well. He'd just refused to think about it. He'd been loyal to wife and company for twenty years. Perhaps foolishly so,

—turn the page



TEN loaded and lively MOVIES

ALL TEN AT
FANTASTIC
BARGAIN PRICE
IN 8mm ONLY!
(in 16mm only \$4)

The buy of a lifetime, a complete film library of ten beautiful girls, ten different subjects, brand new, guaranteed to please or your money back. Rush \$2 (check, cash or money order) to

SENSATIONAL MOVIE OFFER
Box 69856, Dept. 328, W. Hollywood 69, Calif.

Box 69856, Dept. 328, W. Hollywood 69, Calif.

NUDIST \$2.00 EACH THREE DIFFERENT FILMS \$5.00

ROYCE FILMS, P.O. BOX 339
WEST COVINA, CALIF. Dept. 2730

Box 339, West Covina, Calif. 91790

GUYS & GALS BMM

For information on these movies that cannot be described in this issue, send 25c. If you would like me to include a special film, enclose \$1.00.

AMATEUR FILMS DEPT. 2730
P.O. BOX 2171, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90053

NUDIST FILMS

SEND 50c FOR INFO-S2 FOR SAMPLE

SIAN Dept. 2730
PO Box 32 N Hollywood Calif 91603

FREE!

8mm FILM
PROJECTOR!!
ALL ELECTRIC
ALL METAL
SCREEN INCLUDED

PHONOGRAPHIC FILMS

Now available due to latest decision. SEE and HEAR these two in their fantasy of ecstasy. For Bmm. copy and info. send \$1.
SARRY INTERN'L - 6311 YUCCA
Dept. 2730 HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

2 BRUTAL FEMALES

ALL-OUT, ALL NUDE, BITING, CLAWING, KICKING, SCRATCHING, BLOODY, CAT-FIGHT TO THE FINISH!
SEND ONLY \$1 FOR SAMPLE FILM DEPT. 2730
KINGSTON 6580 WILSHIRE BLVD.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90048

GALS WHO MADE IT!

See them in the type of show made before they reached the top! Lovely, lively, authentic guaranteed to please!

MOVIES (8mm, 50 ft.) \$3.00
MOVIES (16mm, 100 ft.) \$6.00
PHOTOS (4x5's, 8) \$2.00
SLIDES (2x2's, 5) \$2.00

BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD
BOX 4977, DEPT 228 LOS ANGELES 69, CALIF.

stifling perfectly normal drives during the best part of his life.

The girl was wise beyond her years, Gerald decided. He was yes, by God, a man. Under more fortuitous circumstances, perhaps the sort of fellow Hemingway could have written about. He turned, his resolve growing more firm.

The girl continued her sensual twisting with her eyes closed as he strode back across the room. She sensed his presence, and stretched out her legs, making room for him beside her. He put one knee on the edge of the divan. His hands lightly caressed her swaying shoulders. She kept her eyes closed, but a warm, waiting smile bloomed on her young lips as she raised her face toward him. Gerald closed his eyes and began the slow, sweet glide of his mouth toward hers.

The telephone rang and Gerald froze.

Jody Felton opened her eyes and stared at him calmly. "Are you going to answer it?"

Gerald sighed and straightened. "For whom the bell tolls," he muttered.

"Hello."

"Hello?" said a woman's voice. "Could I have the stocking department, please?"

"I beg your pardon?" asked Gerald, switching off the tape.

"I have a question about stockings. Could I have that department, please?"

"I haven't any idea what you're talking about," exclaimed Gerald, giving Miss Felton a shrug.

"This is Penney's, isn't it?"

"No, this is the Felton residence — I mean Benson residence."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I must have dialed wrong."

"That's quite all right," said Gerald. He dropped the receiver sharply into its cradle. "Wrong number."

Jody nodded, and turned to fluff the pillows beside her.

"Would you like another drink?" Gerald asked.

"Still have one, thanks. But how about the music?"

Gerald flicked the switch. It was still Tijuana Brass.

"Perhaps you'd prefer something more soothing," he suggested.

"Huh-uh. Love doesn't have to be all smoldering violins and syrupy passion, Gerald. It can be just plain fun. Like the music."

Gerald cleared his throat. He'd never thought of it quite like that. It'd always been deadly serious with him; like his wife, or his job.

"Sure you're not ready for a drink?" "Gerald," she said a bit impatiently, "come over here."

He crossed the room with a self-conscious grin. He'd never had any idea this sort of thing could be so exciting. Or easy.

"Take off your tie, why don't you?" she suggested. "Get comfy."

He did as she said, throwing it to a nearby chair, then stood over her with what he hoped was a gleam in his eye.

"Now, where was I?"

"Right about here," said Jody, holding out her arms like a stage manager

this time; I hunted around until I found my glasses, wrote down the number; dialed carefully . . ."

Her voice trailed off as Gerald glanced at the ceiling. She sounded like an older woman.

"I see," he replied. Jody Felton had rolled onto her stomach and was staring at him with her chin propped on her hands. She reached out for her martini.

"Well," said the woman, "I guess I'll just have to try again."

"Yes, why don't you do that. And I'll do the same."

"Yes, well good-bye, Mr. Benson,



blocking a position for Gerald to snuggle into. He had one knee on the divan when the phone rang.

"Oh God, now what?"

He pushed off as Jody's arms dropped to her sides.

"Hello," snapped Gerald.

"Is this Penney's?" asked the same woman's voice.

Gerald settled on the edge of the desk. "No, it certainly is not."

"Oh my, is this the party I had before? The Felton residence?"

"Benson."

"Yes, Benson. Well I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Benson. I was so careful

and thank you."

"Good-bye."

Gerald replaced the receiver, but he didn't move from the edge of the desk. He waited with folded arms.

"Can't we just ignore it?" asked the girl.

"God, I could never do that. Around phones I'm like Pavlov's dog."

"Isn't there some way to disconnect it?"

Gerald shook his head. "I could leave the receiver off the hook, but the phone people would only put on one of those damn wailing signals . . ."

He was interrupted by the ringing

phone.

"Hello."

"Oh, Mr. Benson, don't tell me I've gone and done it again."

Gerald switched off the music. "You certainly have, Mrs. . . ."

"Cartwright."

"Mrs. Cartwright. Really now, I can't understand this. Surely Penney's isn't listed under my number. Pumice two-seven . . ."

"Oh no, I haven't been dialing that. It's Stockton . . ."

"Stockton?" asked Gerald. "Isn't that a San Francisco exchange?"

"Yes, I'm calling Penney's in San Francisco. You see, I wanted a pair of work socks to send my boy for his birthday. He's in Alaska, you know."

"No, I didn't know that."

"Yes it's been nearly a year now."

"My word, But about the stock- ings . . ."

"Yes, well I don't know what his size is any longer. I have such trouble remembering . . ."

"Uh-huh."

Jody Felton, still lying on her stomach and sipping from her drink, was slowly raising and lowering one leg.

"So I wanted to find a pair of stretch type work socks," continued Mrs. Cartwright. "You know, so they will fit any size foot."

"Yes."

"But Penney's down here in Corte Madera doesn't have any. They suggested I try phoning their store in the city."

"Perhaps that explains the difficulty," said Gerald, motioning for Miss Felton to bring over her drink. He sipped from the glass and handed it back. Jody turned the glass deliberately to sip from the side he had before returning to the divan. Gerald loosened his collar another button.

"Did you dial the numeral 'one' in front of the San Francisco number?" he asked.

"Dial 'one'? Whatever for?"

"It's something to do with this computer mumbo jumbo," he explained. "If you dial an exchange outside of your immediate calling area, you dial 'one' first. Why don't you try that, Mrs. Cartwright?"

"Oh I will, and thank you so much, Mr. Benson. I just have a terrible time with these things since Mr. Cartwright passed on. You've been very kind."

"That's quite all right. And Mrs. Cartwright?"

"Yes?"

"If that doesn't work, just dial the operator and ask her to place the call for you. All right?"

— turn to page 68

STAG STORIES FOR MEN



the book nobody dared to print!

COMPLETE UNEXPURGATED COLLECTOR'S EDITION OF THOSE TERRIBLE TALES OF FUN AND PURPLE PASSION THAT DROVE MEN WILD!

Fun's the name of the game and why settle for imitations when you can now get the originals! No holds barred, no detail omitted, scene for scene, act for act every delightful detail is fully described word for word exactly as they were when the "in" groups passed them along privately on typewritten sheets! Now you too can join the situation humor of such old-time favorites as:

• BLONDIE MEETS THE DEVIL • HORTENSE AND THE HOBO • THE LOVIN' FAMILY • A DOG'S LIFE • TILLIE, MAC, GASTON, ALPHONSE, AND OTHER GREAT FAVORITES!

Plus many, many brand new ones like:

• 7 DWARFS FOR ADULTS • THE LOVE ATHLETE • THE MAID'S BIG NIGHT • THE HORSE • ETC.

Plus many illustrations and actual photos!

\$298

SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER. Sorry, no C.O.D. orders.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

LIMITED PUBLISHERS GUILD B-17
BOX 69977, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069



\$995 (8-shot) REVOLVER
".22" CALIBER

Illegal in the States of New York and California. Also not sold to minors. (Starter Teargas Type No. 959.) Sorry no C.O.D.

TAYLOR IMPORTS

Dept. A • BOX 866 • HOMESTEAD, FLORIDA 33030



TEN NUDE MOVIE SUBJECTS

all ten
only \$2.00
in 8mm

The movie bargain of a lifetime! Ten of the greatest shows ever on film, all ten yours for less than the cost of one — all new, all different, lovely girls! Guaranteed!



TITAN FILMS SPECIAL, NO. AT-28
BOX 69656, W. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90069

Yes, rush me your special ten-movie offer on approval. If not delighted I can return for full and immediate refund. Enclosed is ☐ cash, ☐ check, ☐ money order payment in full for:

☐ 10-movie sub in 8mm for \$2.00
☐ 10-movie sub in 16mm for \$4.00
☐ New pro-type optic movie viewer, bright, life-like action, \$4.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip # _____ Age _____

FREE TO ALL!!!

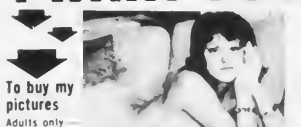
MARRIAGE PRODUCTS

Retail at \$12.00 to \$30.00

Send us your name and address... adult over 21, and we'll send you our 3 catalogs showing all of our 7 latest and newest marital aid products. Whatever your marital relations difficulty, whatever the reason that prevents you from enjoying a perfect marital life and regardless of age and/or sex. You will be totally amazed at the satisfaction that both partners will derive from the use of our new products. No drugs, pills and/or books. You wear them as you use them—many, many happy times. There are thousands of happy users. Sold by mail only. Unconditionally guaranteed to please or money back. Please rush this clipping and \$1.00 for all 3 catalogs. Overnight service. Double refund on 1st order along with free item of your choice.

T. & D. PRODUCTS (Since 1963)
San Francisco International Airport, Dept. A-5
Box 8575, San Francisco, California 94128

I WANT YOU



To buy my pictures

Adults only
Send \$1.00 to

Judy Reynolds 1436 S. LA CIENEGA BLVD.
Dept. 2692 SUITE 112, L.A., CALIF. 90035

SWEDISH GIRLS

Hundreds of beautiful and attractive young Swedish girls and ladies would like to correspond with you. Just send us your name and address and receive FREE information in plain envelope... airmailed.

ROVEMA INTERNATIONAL
Dept. 1, Box 42063, Stockholm 42, Sweden

UNIQUE PRODUCTS FOR MEN FOR ADULTS ONLY!



State your age when ordering. Catalogue \$1 refunded with first order
KELLY - Dept 2682
P.O. Box 505
Capitola, Calif. 95010
If Not Delighted—Return the Product for Full and Immediate Refund!

MOVIES

(8mm, Super 8, Color, B&W, Extra Length)
The greatest entertainment movies ever produced for the selectively interested male (who appreciates unadorned feminine beauty) are available now... along with 35mm and 3-D slides. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write to:

INTERCONTINENTAL DISTRIBUTING CO.
P.O. Box 2149 Hollywood, Calif. 90028

SATISFY HER

With control of too quick climax! Stay longer with control. Be powerful with control. Your wife will adore you with control. "Control Cream" is a new medical discovery. Just a dab on you and only you will know. Non-greasy! Discover the magic of control and the power that can be yours! Mailed in plain wrapper. Sample tube \$2.00 (1 month supply). \$5.00 (3 month supply). Send cash, check or money order.

BENNETT CO. Dept. A-5
Box 921, Reseda, Calif. 91335

Company, from page 67

"Yes, that's a thought. Thank you again."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Cartwright."

He lowered the receiver gently. "Truth is stranger than fiction," he sighed. He crossed the room to pick up the empty glass. "Ready for another martini?"

"Why not?" said Jody. "It's something to do between phone calls."

"I'm sorry about all this," said Gerald kindly.

"That's encouraging," replied the girl, stubbing out her cigarette. "Where's the powder room?"

"Down the hall. Second door on the left."

She held out one hand for him to help her up. "Don't go away," she murmured, kissing him lightly on the cheek. She picked up her handbag and padded out of the room.

Instead of returning to the bar Gerald settled on the divan. The clock already said 3:30. He leaned back his head, closed his eyes and listened to the rain pounding against the glass behind the drapes. With utter certainty he knew there never would be another opportunity like this. More than ever he was convinced that the girl was right. It could be fun and carefree and abandoned. It didn't have to be all snothered in fear and myth. And she was the perfect one to demonstrate this. A fresh breeze of joyous youth, eager to brush off the cobwebs of inhibition, making him a live man rather than a company lump.

He gripped his temples between both hands.

He didn't hear Jody return, but felt the cushions sag as she knelt beside him.

"Here, let me do that, Gerald," she said softly.

Gerald went limp, letting the girl's cool hands caress the sides of his head. God, but she certainly had it all over Miss Janis.

"No more phone calls?" she whispered beside his ear.

"No more phone calls," said Gerald, his hands reaching out to grope the girl's body.

Jody's hands stopped their movement, but continued holding his head. He opened his eyes just as the girl covered his mouth with her own, her tongue darting and teasing. They tumbled back side by side on the divan. Gerald's hand found a gap where the girl's blouse had become unbuttoned. His hand probed, and he was pleasantly startled to find the girl had removed her bra while in the bathroom. Her breasts were delicious to hold. Not overly large, but ideal

for her slender figure, the flesh warm and compact in his hand. As the girl wriggled half atop him her skirt rode high on her lean legs, revealing that she had removed much more than her bra. His hand enfolded the squirming mound of one buttock, and she moaned pleasurably at his growing strength. Gerald raised his head. Jody's eyes opened, flashing excitement; her rapid breathing matched his own.

"Now or never," gasped Gerald, covering her neck with kisses.

The telephone rang and Gerald's body convulsed.

The girl sighed and rolled away. "Apparently never," she murmured.

"So help me God..." swore Gerald, pushing himself off the divan.

"Mrs. Cartwright!" he exploded into the receiver.

"Oh, Mr. Benson..." There was a sharp sob over the line; Gerald slumped into the chair behind his desk.

"All right, all right, Mrs. Cartwright. It can't be all that bad. What's the problem?"

"Well," she sniffed. "I dialed 'one' as you suggested. At least I think I did. And an operator came onto the line. She said she was a special intercept operator for people who dialed 'one' when they weren't supposed to or didn't dial 'one' when they should."

"How's that?"

"Anyway, she said to do it opposite of how I had just done it, so I hung up and tried calling again without the 'one.'"

"That's when you got me this time?"

"No, I got the same operator again. She said maybe I'd been mistaken about dialing 'one' the first time and to try it again. Do you follow?"

"I guess so."

Miss Felton had lit another cigarette and was back mixing at the martini bowl.

"I told the operator of the difficulty I'd been having and asked if she would place the call for me."

"And?"

"She said it wasn't her job."

Jody Felton tossed off the drink and crossed to stand directly in front of him with her hands on her hips. He closed his hand over the receiver.

"This is it, Gerald," she said slowly. "It's either me or that goddam telephone."

"Mr. Benson, are you there?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cartwright, go on," said Gerald with a helpless gesture.

"Well," explained Mrs. Cartwright, "I hung up finally and dialed zero for the other operator, like you suggested."

JAYNE MANSFIELD



FILMED NUDE

Send 25c for
free brochure

HOME PRODUCTS
6311 Yucca Street
Dept. 2730
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

NO COME ON

Young, good looking, natural blond
GOES ALL THE WAY! Send \$1.00
for sample photo and information.
I'LL PROVE IT!

ELAINE O. RYAN
P.O. Box 297
Maywood, Calif. 90270

YOUNG AMATEURS

CAPTURED IN AN UNUSUAL EXCITING WAY THE
MOST PLEASURABLE NUDE PHOTOS ANYWHERE
All correspondence handled confidentially with
assurance that you get what you want. My
samples for only \$1.00 will prove this.

JOHN EDWARDS Suite 100 Dept. 2730
711 So. Vermont Ave. L.A., Calif. 90005

"JEAN'S APARTMENT"

I'm Jean, and just for the heck of it I posed for some
photos in my apartment. They are real winners. They are
unretouched photos and \$1.00 will bring you a sample.
To give you a hint, I'm 39-23-37, but I'll tell you more
when you order. You must be over 21 years old, and I
don't accept personal checks. **JEAN WILLIAMS, P.O. Box**
1863, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.—15230.

SECRET
SALE

WE JUST GOT OUR HANDS ON
SOME PERSONAL 8mm FILMS FEATURING
A SOPHISTICATED COUPLE
100 H. SNEAK PREVIEW \$6.00

ADULTS ONLY
INFORMATION ON OTHER FILMS 25c
REBEL FILMS BOX 39604, DEPT 2730
LOS ANGELES, CALIF 90039

SOMETHING NEW IN NUDIST MOVIES

TWO YOUNG GIRLS WISH TO SELL some HOME
MADE ACTION FILMS Rush \$3.00 for
50 FR. SATISFYING SAMPLE TO

LESLIE P.O. Box 61 Glendale, Calif. 91209 Dept. 2730
P.S. 25c for more info

SMALL TOWN GIRL

I'm just a small town girl, new at this
business, but I hope to make lots of friends
thru this little ad. If you like a 35-24-37 size
gal, then drop me a line. I like to write let-
ters too, so if you'll order my photos (\$2.00
a set) I'll send you a nice letter along with
them, you must be 21 years old though. I'm
Cathy Baker, P.O. Box 855, Sharon, Penna.
16147

ZIP CODE

... THE LAST WORD

COUPLED

Bill and I frankly love
each other and wish to
share with you the un-
repressed intimacies of a
couple in love.....
SEND \$1.00 FOR SAMPLE FILM TO

VIXEN ENTERPRISES — DEPT. 2730

1551 N. Western, Hollywood, Calif. 90027



Miss Felton shook her head slowly
and crossed to her handbag, removing
her blouse on the way. She pulled her
bra from her handbag, slipped into it,
then replaced her blouse, crossing to
stand in front of Gerald as she slowly
buttoned it.

"Mr. Benson?"

"What did the operator say, Mrs.
Cartwright?"

"She asked if I had the number in
San Francisco. Well, I had lost it in
the confusion, so she connected me
with San Francisco information."

"And they gave it to you?"

"Yes, but it was all numbers and I
didn't have a pencil handy. By the
time I had hung up and dialed the
operator again, I had forgotten them."

Gerald took a deep breath. Miss
Felton had adjusted her blouse, and
now casually raised her skirt to step
into her panties. My God, but she had
lovely legs. Looking up she saw Ger-
ald watching her. Staring him straight
in the eye she snapped the elastic
band against her bare stomach before
whirling and leaving the room.

"Mrs. Cartwright, what is your
number?"

She told him.

"Now just wait next to your phone.
Don't move."

"What are you going to do, Mr.
Benson?"

"Not what I'd like to, I can assure
you."

He broke the connection and quick-
ly placed his calls, first to San Fran-
cisco information, then to the Penney's
store. He directed the switchboard
operator to give him the stocking de-
partment, then explained his problem,
evoking a pledge from the sales clerk
that she would phone Mrs. Cartwright
immediately.

Gerald dropped the receiver just as
Miss Felton reappeared in the study
doorway wearing her raincoat.

"My boyfriend's picking me up at
five," she said flatly.

"You just don't understand how it is
with a ringing phone..."

"My boyfriend had his taken out."

Gerald's shoulders sagged. He rose
wearily and lumbered across to get his
tie, then followed her down the hall-
way, tugging on his suitcoat. She wait-
ed at the door as he pulled on his
raincoat and smoothed down the hair
across the top of his scalp. As he
opened the front door for her, the
telephone back in the study began
ringing. This time Gerald ignored it,
fixing Miss Felton with an anguished
smile.

"Time flies," he said lamely.

"What had God wrought?" replied
Miss Felton, sweeping past him.

FROM Webster's Dictionary, Second Edition: Naturalism - Naturalism Action of the body; the natural causes of instinct.

The CULT of the NATURIST

Three brand new films that explore
the newest Social-Naturist Cult in
the U.S.: Group Naturist in private
rooms. An unaltered recording of
the members' private life. The
action of any official Naturist
organization.

8mm MOVIES

No. 1-THE NATURIST CROWD-
MIXED GROUP OF PRACTICING
NATURISTS

No. 2-LA SEDUCTION OF LA
NUDITE-


A YOUNG COUPLE REVEAL THE
ATTRACTIVE OF NATURISM.

No. 3-SUNTIME/FORTUNE-
THREE LOVELY YOUNG GIRLS ENJOY
A NATURIST HOLIDAY AT HOME.

FREE BONUS FILM-COLOR OR B&W
Buy any two reels and get
the third reel FREE!!!
Footage ABSOLUTELY FREE!!!

PHOTO SET BONUS: Buy any
two movies and the third B & W
movie and PHOTO SET FREE!!!

PRICE LIST 8mm film
\$ 8 ft. 10 ft. 15 ft. 20 ft. 25 ft. 30 ft. 35 ft. 40 ft. 45 ft. 50 ft. 55 ft. 60 ft. 65 ft. 70 ft. 75 ft. 80 ft. 85 ft. 90 ft. 95 ft. 100 ft. 105 ft. 110 ft. 115 ft. 120 ft. 125 ft. 130 ft. 135 ft. 140 ft. 145 ft. 150 ft. 155 ft. 160 ft. 165 ft. 170 ft. 175 ft. 180 ft. 185 ft. 190 ft. 195 ft. 200 ft. 205 ft. 210 ft. 215 ft. 220 ft. 225 ft. 230 ft. 235 ft. 240 ft. 245 ft. 250 ft. 255 ft. 260 ft. 265 ft. 270 ft. 275 ft. 280 ft. 285 ft. 290 ft. 295 ft. 300 ft. 305 ft. 310 ft. 315 ft. 320 ft. 325 ft. 330 ft. 335 ft. 340 ft. 345 ft. 350 ft. 355 ft. 360 ft. 365 ft. 370 ft. 375 ft. 380 ft. 385 ft. 390 ft. 395 ft. 400 ft. 405 ft. 410 ft. 415 ft. 420 ft. 425 ft. 430 ft. 435 ft. 440 ft. 445 ft. 450 ft. 455 ft. 460 ft. 465 ft. 470 ft. 475 ft. 480 ft. 485 ft. 490 ft. 495 ft. 500 ft. 505 ft. 510 ft. 515 ft. 520 ft. 525 ft. 530 ft. 535 ft. 540 ft. 545 ft. 550 ft. 555 ft. 560 ft. 565 ft. 570 ft. 575 ft. 580 ft. 585 ft. 590 ft. 595 ft. 600 ft. 605 ft. 610 ft. 615 ft. 620 ft. 625 ft. 630 ft. 635 ft. 640 ft. 645 ft. 650 ft. 655 ft. 660 ft. 665 ft. 670 ft. 675 ft. 680 ft. 685 ft. 690 ft. 695 ft. 700 ft. 705 ft. 710 ft. 715 ft. 720 ft. 725 ft. 730 ft. 735 ft. 740 ft. 745 ft. 750 ft. 755 ft. 760 ft. 765 ft. 770 ft. 775 ft. 780 ft. 785 ft. 790 ft. 795 ft. 800 ft. 805 ft. 810 ft. 815 ft. 820 ft. 825 ft. 830 ft. 835 ft. 840 ft. 845 ft. 850 ft. 855 ft. 860 ft. 865 ft. 870 ft. 875 ft. 880 ft. 885 ft. 890 ft. 895 ft. 900 ft. 905 ft. 910 ft. 915 ft. 920 ft. 925 ft. 930 ft. 935 ft. 940 ft. 945 ft. 950 ft. 955 ft. 960 ft. 965 ft. 970 ft. 975 ft. 980 ft. 985 ft. 990 ft. 995 ft. 1000 ft. 1005 ft. 1010 ft. 1015 ft. 1020 ft. 1025 ft. 1030 ft. 1035 ft. 1040 ft. 1045 ft. 1050 ft. 1055 ft. 1060 ft. 1065 ft. 1070 ft. 1075 ft. 1080 ft. 1085 ft. 1090 ft. 1095 ft. 1100 ft. 1105 ft. 1110 ft. 1115 ft. 1120 ft. 1125 ft. 1130 ft. 1135 ft. 1140 ft. 1145 ft. 1150 ft. 1155 ft. 1160 ft. 1165 ft. 1170 ft. 1175 ft. 1180 ft. 1185 ft. 1190 ft. 1195 ft. 1200 ft. 1205 ft. 1210 ft. 1215 ft. 1220 ft. 1225 ft. 1230 ft. 1235 ft. 1240 ft. 1245 ft. 1250 ft. 1255 ft. 1260 ft. 1265 ft. 1270 ft. 1275 ft. 1280 ft. 1285 ft. 1290 ft. 1295 ft. 1300 ft. 1305 ft. 1310 ft. 1315 ft. 1320 ft. 1325 ft. 1330 ft. 1335 ft. 1340 ft. 1345 ft. 1350 ft. 1355 ft. 1360 ft. 1365 ft. 1370 ft. 1375 ft. 1380 ft. 1385 ft. 1390 ft. 1395 ft. 1400 ft. 1405 ft. 1410 ft. 1415 ft. 1420 ft. 1425 ft. 1430 ft. 1435 ft. 1440 ft. 1445 ft. 1450 ft. 1455 ft. 1460 ft. 1465 ft. 1470 ft. 1475 ft. 1480 ft. 1485 ft. 1490 ft. 1495 ft. 1500 ft. 1505 ft. 1510 ft. 1515 ft. 1520 ft. 1525 ft. 1530 ft. 1535 ft. 1540 ft. 1545 ft. 1550 ft. 1555 ft. 1560 ft. 1565 ft. 1570 ft. 1575 ft. 1580 ft. 1585 ft. 1590 ft. 1595 ft. 1600 ft. 1605 ft. 1610 ft. 1615 ft. 1620 ft. 1625 ft. 1630 ft. 1635 ft. 1640 ft. 1645 ft. 1650 ft. 1655 ft. 1660 ft. 1665 ft. 1670 ft. 1675 ft. 1680 ft. 1685 ft. 1690 ft. 1695 ft. 1700 ft. 1705 ft. 1710 ft. 1715 ft. 1720 ft. 1725 ft. 1730 ft. 1735 ft. 1740 ft. 1745 ft. 1750 ft. 1755 ft. 1760 ft. 1765 ft. 1770 ft. 1775 ft. 1780 ft. 1785 ft. 1790 ft. 1795 ft. 1800 ft. 1805 ft. 1810 ft. 1815 ft. 1820 ft. 1825 ft. 1830 ft. 1835 ft. 1840 ft. 1845 ft. 1850 ft. 1855 ft. 1860 ft. 1865 ft. 1870 ft. 1875 ft. 1880 ft. 1885 ft. 1890 ft. 1895 ft. 1900 ft. 1905 ft. 1910 ft. 1915 ft. 1920 ft. 1925 ft. 1930 ft. 1935 ft. 1940 ft. 1945 ft. 1950 ft. 1955 ft. 1960 ft. 1965 ft. 1970 ft. 1975 ft. 1980 ft. 1985 ft. 1990 ft. 1995 ft. 2000 ft. 2005 ft. 2010 ft. 2015 ft. 2020 ft. 2025 ft. 2030 ft. 2035 ft. 2040 ft. 2045 ft. 2050 ft. 2055 ft. 2060 ft. 2065 ft. 2070 ft. 2075 ft. 2080 ft. 2085 ft. 2090 ft. 2095 ft. 2100 ft. 2105 ft. 2110 ft. 2115 ft. 2120 ft. 2125 ft. 2130 ft. 2135 ft. 2140 ft. 2145 ft. 2150 ft. 2155 ft. 2160 ft. 2165 ft. 2170 ft. 2175 ft. 2180 ft. 2185 ft. 2190 ft. 2195 ft. 2200 ft. 2205 ft. 2210 ft. 2215 ft. 2220 ft. 2225 ft. 2230 ft. 2235 ft. 2240 ft. 2245 ft. 2250 ft. 2255 ft. 2260 ft. 2265 ft. 2270 ft. 2275 ft. 2280 ft. 2285 ft. 2290 ft. 2295 ft. 2300 ft. 2305 ft. 2310 ft. 2315 ft. 2320 ft. 2325 ft. 2330 ft. 2335 ft. 2340 ft. 2345 ft. 2350 ft. 2355 ft. 2360 ft. 2365 ft. 2370 ft. 2375 ft. 2380 ft. 2385 ft. 2390 ft. 2395 ft. 2400 ft. 2405 ft. 2410 ft. 2415 ft. 2420 ft. 2425 ft. 2430 ft. 2435 ft. 2440 ft. 2445 ft. 2450 ft. 2455 ft. 2460 ft. 2465 ft. 2470 ft. 2475 ft. 2480 ft. 2485 ft. 2490 ft. 2495 ft. 2500 ft. 2505 ft. 2510 ft. 2515 ft. 2520 ft. 2525 ft. 2530 ft. 2535 ft. 2540 ft. 2545 ft. 2550 ft. 2555 ft. 2560 ft. 2565 ft. 2570 ft. 2575 ft. 2580 ft. 2585 ft. 2590 ft. 2595 ft. 2600 ft. 2605 ft. 2610 ft. 2615 ft. 2620 ft. 2625 ft. 2630 ft. 2635 ft. 2640 ft. 2645 ft. 2650 ft. 2655 ft. 2660 ft. 2665 ft. 2670 ft. 2675 ft. 2680 ft. 2685 ft. 2690 ft. 2695 ft. 2700 ft. 2705 ft. 2710 ft. 2715 ft. 2720 ft. 2725 ft. 2730 ft. 2735 ft. 2740 ft. 2745 ft. 2750 ft. 2755 ft. 2760 ft. 2765 ft. 2770 ft. 2775 ft. 2780 ft. 2785 ft. 2790 ft. 2795 ft. 2800 ft. 2805 ft. 2810 ft. 2815 ft. 2820 ft. 2825 ft. 2830 ft. 2835 ft. 2840 ft. 2845 ft. 2850 ft. 2855 ft. 2860 ft. 2865 ft. 2870 ft. 2875 ft. 2880 ft. 2885 ft. 2890 ft. 2895 ft. 2900 ft. 2905 ft. 2910 ft. 2915 ft. 2920 ft. 2925 ft. 2930 ft. 2935 ft. 2940 ft. 2945 ft. 2950 ft. 2955 ft. 2960 ft. 2965 ft. 2970 ft. 2975 ft. 2980 ft. 2985 ft. 2990 ft. 2995 ft. 3000 ft. 3005 ft. 3010 ft. 3015 ft. 3020 ft. 3025 ft. 3030 ft. 3035 ft. 3040 ft. 3045 ft. 3050 ft. 3055 ft. 3060 ft. 3065 ft. 3070 ft. 3075 ft. 3080 ft. 3085 ft. 3090 ft. 3095 ft. 3100 ft. 3105 ft. 3110 ft. 3115 ft. 3120 ft. 3125 ft. 3130 ft. 3135 ft. 3140 ft. 3145 ft. 3150 ft. 3155 ft. 3160 ft. 3165 ft. 3170 ft. 3175 ft. 3180 ft. 3185 ft. 3190 ft. 3195 ft. 3200 ft. 3205 ft. 3210 ft. 3215 ft. 3220 ft. 3225 ft. 3230 ft. 3235 ft. 3240 ft. 3245 ft. 3250 ft. 3255 ft. 3260 ft. 3265 ft. 3270 ft. 3275 ft. 3280 ft. 3285 ft. 3290 ft. 3295 ft. 3300 ft. 3305 ft. 3310 ft. 3315 ft. 3320 ft. 3325 ft. 3330 ft. 3335 ft. 3340 ft. 3345 ft. 3350 ft. 3355 ft. 3360 ft. 3365 ft. 3370 ft. 3375 ft. 3380 ft. 3385 ft. 3390 ft. 3395 ft. 3400 ft. 3405 ft. 3410 ft. 3415 ft. 3420 ft. 3425 ft. 3430 ft. 3435 ft. 3440 ft. 3445 ft. 3450 ft. 3455 ft. 3460 ft. 3465 ft. 3470 ft. 3475 ft. 3480 ft. 3485 ft. 3490 ft. 3495 ft. 3500 ft. 3505 ft. 3510 ft. 3515 ft. 3520 ft. 3525 ft. 3530 ft. 3535 ft. 3540 ft. 3545 ft. 3550 ft. 3555 ft. 3560 ft. 3565 ft. 3570 ft. 3575 ft. 3580 ft. 3585 ft. 3590 ft. 3595 ft. 3600 ft. 3605 ft. 3610 ft. 3615 ft. 3620 ft. 3625 ft. 3630 ft. 3635 ft. 3640 ft. 3645 ft. 3650 ft. 3655 ft. 3660 ft. 3665 ft. 3670 ft. 3675 ft. 3680 ft. 3685 ft. 3690 ft. 3695 ft. 3700 ft. 3705 ft. 3710 ft. 3715 ft. 3720 ft. 3725 ft. 3730 ft. 3735 ft. 3740 ft. 3745 ft. 3750 ft. 3755 ft. 3760 ft. 3765 ft. 3770 ft. 3775 ft. 3780 ft. 3785 ft. 3790 ft. 3795 ft. 3800 ft. 3805 ft. 3810 ft. 3815 ft. 3820 ft. 3825 ft. 3830 ft. 3835 ft. 3840 ft. 3845 ft. 3850 ft. 3855 ft. 3860 ft. 3865 ft. 3870 ft. 3875 ft. 3880 ft. 3885 ft. 3890 ft. 3895 ft. 3900 ft. 3905 ft. 3910 ft. 3915 ft. 3920 ft. 3925 ft. 3930 ft. 3935 ft. 3940 ft. 3945 ft. 3950 ft. 3955 ft. 3960 ft. 3965 ft. 3970 ft. 3975 ft. 3980 ft. 3985 ft. 3990 ft. 3995 ft. 4000 ft. 4005 ft. 4010 ft. 4015 ft. 4020 ft. 4025 ft. 4030 ft. 4035 ft. 4040 ft. 4045 ft. 4050 ft. 4055 ft. 4060 ft. 4065 ft. 4070 ft. 4075 ft. 4080 ft. 4085 ft. 4090 ft. 4095 ft. 4100 ft. 4105 ft. 4110 ft. 4115 ft. 4120 ft. 4125 ft. 4130 ft. 4135 ft. 4140 ft. 4145 ft. 4150 ft. 4155 ft. 4160 ft. 4165 ft. 4170 ft. 4175 ft. 4180 ft. 4185 ft. 4190 ft. 4195 ft. 4200 ft. 4205 ft. 4210 ft. 4215 ft. 4220 ft. 4225 ft. 4230 ft. 4235 ft. 4240 ft. 4245 ft. 4250 ft. 4255 ft. 4260 ft. 4265 ft. 4270 ft. 4275 ft. 4280 ft. 4285 ft. 4290 ft. 4295 ft. 4300 ft. 4305 ft. 4310 ft. 4315 ft. 4320 ft. 4325 ft. 4330 ft. 4335 ft. 4340 ft. 4345 ft. 4350 ft. 4355 ft. 4360 ft. 4365 ft. 4370 ft. 4375 ft. 4380 ft. 4385 ft. 4390 ft. 4395 ft. 4400 ft. 4405 ft. 4410 ft. 4415 ft. 4420 ft. 4425 ft. 4430 ft. 4435 ft. 4440 ft. 4445 ft. 4450 ft. 4455 ft. 4460 ft. 4465 ft. 4470 ft. 4475 ft. 4480 ft. 4485 ft. 4490 ft. 4495 ft. 4500 ft. 4505 ft. 4510 ft. 4515 ft. 4520 ft. 4525 ft. 4530 ft. 4535 ft. 4540 ft. 4545 ft. 4550 ft. 4555 ft. 4560 ft. 4565 ft. 4570 ft. 4575 ft. 4580 ft. 4585 ft. 4590 ft. 4595 ft. 4600 ft. 4605 ft. 4610 ft. 4615 ft. 4620 ft. 4625 ft. 4630 ft. 4635 ft. 4640 ft. 4645 ft. 4650 ft. 4655 ft. 4660 ft. 4665 ft. 4670 ft. 4675 ft. 4680 ft. 4685 ft. 4690 ft. 4695 ft. 4700 ft. 4705 ft. 4710 ft. 4715 ft. 4720 ft. 4725 ft. 4730 ft. 4735 ft. 4740 ft. 4745 ft. 4750 ft. 4755 ft. 4760 ft. 4765 ft. 4770 ft. 4775 ft. 4780 ft. 4785 ft. 4790 ft. 4795 ft. 4800 ft. 4805 ft. 4810 ft. 4815 ft. 4820 ft. 4825 ft. 4830 ft. 4835 ft. 4840 ft. 4845 ft. 4850 ft. 4855 ft. 4860 ft. 4865 ft. 4870 ft. 4875 ft. 4880 ft. 4885 ft. 4890 ft. 4895 ft. 4900 ft. 4905 ft. 4910 ft. 4915 ft. 4920 ft. 4925 ft. 4930 ft. 4935 ft. 4940 ft. 4945 ft. 4950 ft. 4955 ft. 4960 ft. 4965 ft. 4970 ft. 4975 ft. 4980 ft. 4985 ft. 4990 ft. 4995 ft. 5000 ft. 5005 ft. 5010 ft. 5015 ft. 5020 ft. 5025 ft. 5030 ft. 5035 ft. 5040 ft. 5045 ft. 5050 ft. 5055 ft. 5060 ft. 5065 ft. 5070 ft. 5075 ft. 5080 ft. 5085 ft. 5090 ft. 5095 ft. 5100 ft. 5105 ft. 5110 ft. 5115 ft. 5120 ft. 5125 ft. 5130 ft. 5135 ft. 5140 ft. 5145 ft. 5150 ft. 5155 ft. 5160 ft. 5165 ft. 5170 ft. 5175 ft. 5180 ft. 5185 ft. 5190 ft. 5195 ft. 5200 ft. 5205 ft. 5210 ft. 5215 ft. 5220 ft. 5225 ft. 5230 ft. 5235 ft. 5240 ft. 5245 ft. 5250 ft. 5255 ft. 5260 ft. 5265 ft. 5270 ft. 5275 ft. 5280 ft. 5285 ft. 5290 ft. 5295 ft. 5300 ft. 5305 ft. 5310 ft. 5315 ft. 5320 ft. 5325 ft. 5330 ft. 5335 ft. 5340 ft. 5345 ft. 5350 ft. 5355 ft. 5360 ft. 5365 ft. 5370 ft. 5375 ft. 5380 ft. 5385 ft. 5390 ft. 5395 ft. 5400 ft. 5405 ft. 5410 ft. 5415 ft. 5420 ft. 5425 ft. 5430 ft. 5435 ft. 5440 ft. 5445 ft. 5450 ft. 5455 ft. 5460 ft. 5465 ft. 5470 ft. 5475 ft. 5480 ft. 5485 ft. 5490 ft. 5495 ft. 5500 ft. 5505 ft. 5510 ft. 5515 ft. 5520 ft. 5525 ft. 5530 ft. 5535 ft. 5540 ft. 5545 ft. 5550 ft. 5555 ft. 5560 ft. 5565 ft. 5570 ft. 5575 ft. 5580 ft. 5585 ft. 5590 ft. 5595 ft. 5600 ft. 5605 ft. 5610 ft. 5615 ft. 5620 ft. 5625 ft. 5630 ft. 5635 ft. 5640 ft. 5645 ft. 5650 ft. 5655 ft. 5660 ft. 5665 ft. 5670 ft. 5675 ft. 5680 ft. 5685 ft. 5690 ft. 5695 ft. 5700 ft. 5705 ft. 5710 ft. 5715 ft. 5720 ft. 5725 ft. 5730 ft. 5735 ft. 5740 ft. 5745 ft. 5750 ft. 5755 ft. 5760 ft. 5765 ft. 5770 ft. 5775 ft. 5780 ft. 5785 ft. 5790 ft. 5795 ft. 5800 ft. 5805 ft. 5810 ft. 5815 ft. 5820 ft. 5825 ft. 5830 ft. 5835 ft. 5840 ft. 5845 ft. 5850 ft. 5855 ft. 5860 ft. 5865 ft. 5870 ft. 5875 ft. 5880 ft. 5885 ft. 5890 ft. 5895 ft. 5900 ft. 5905 ft. 5910 ft. 5915 ft. 5920 ft. 5925 ft. 5930 ft. 5935 ft. 5940 ft. 5945 ft. 5950 ft. 5955 ft. 5960 ft. 5965 ft. 5970 ft. 5975 ft. 5980 ft. 5985 ft. 5990 ft. 5995 ft. 6000 ft. 6005 ft. 6010 ft. 6015 ft. 6020 ft. 6025 ft. 6030 ft. 6035 ft. 6040 ft. 6045 ft. 6050 ft. 6055 ft. 6060 ft. 6065 ft. 6070 ft. 6075 ft. 6080 ft. 6085 ft. 6090 ft. 6095 ft. 6100 ft. 6105 ft. 6110 ft. 6115 ft. 6120 ft. 6125 ft. 6130 ft. 6135 ft. 6140 ft. 6145 ft. 6150 ft. 6155 ft. 6160 ft. 6165 ft. 6170 ft. 6175 ft. 6180 ft. 6185 ft. 6190 ft. 619



She smolders with the banked
fires kindled by her native exotic
Eurasian home . . .

SULTRY SOPHIA

FROM FABLED Constantinople Sophia Bergman came to our shores just as her teens began. It was seven years ago that she left the ancient Turkish cosmopolis situated where the Straits of Bosphorus take off from the Sea of Marmora to join it to the Black Sea, cutting between Europe and Asia Minor.

Which combines in Sophia the gaiety of Western culture with the fiery undercurrents of harem beauties of gone-by times. And accounts for her love of deep soft furs and her predilection for draping her sinuous skin with filmy gauzes and delicate swirling veils, and for the sparks flashing in her almond eyes . . .





From the Western World to which Sophia came as a young girl she got her liberated urge to shed all veils and emerge in her natural feminine beauty — and she cooks too!

Now Sophia digs the discotheque, the new rock, and the free and easy way of Western girls with their men.

And us Western guys find that her Turkish figures of 36½-23-35 easy to understand even without Berlitz.

And we can understand her popularity as an artists' model, being Sophia 'n easy on the draw . . .

Hookah, anyone? ☞





Confessions
of a
Dottle-
Knocker

or
Making
Cake
in the
Wood

A few puffs on the manly art of pipesmanship

Along with some sixteen million other males in the United States today, this somewhat browned-out fun-lover is striving toward advanced "tobaccism" on a briar pipe, said tobacco habit in this form having developed into an incurable mania for which no remedy is known. Most of us, naturally, need a good habit, if not a tobacco monkey on our back, as it lends a certain zestful challenge to an otherwise colorless existence. Besides, there is hardly another minor vice that will give more comfort or pungent companionship as the price of enslavement. Nine million of us are hooked and smoke nothing but the pipe. Another seven million supplement the habit with cigars - "thy naked beauties," the poet, Lord Byron, called them. Few fall back on cigarettes, which taste like burning paper after the more robust experience with pipe fumes, and there we have the answer to how to kick cigarettes, if indeed, that is an answer. The fact is, though, that we can quit cigarettes and go to the pipe, but we can't go back again, and the only way out of the whole affair is into hemp or opium, which is also smoked in a pipe.


"For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die," said Charles Lamb, and we can do that too, of course. Nicotine is one of the most violent poisons known, a volatile fluid alkaloid. It is in the same class of motor depressants as curare, the arrow poison of the South American Indians, and conium, the poison hemlock, quaffed by Socrates. These drugs increase the flow of saliva (about which more later), cause excessive perspiration,

- turn the page

by Harold Gauer

Party Girl

Hi Honey, I'm Wendy! I come full life size. 5'4" and measure 36"-22". 36" I'm the newest party sensation! Call my exciting game "Hollywood Go-Go Girl." Try me! I've got what it takes to have a sexual good time and I'll prove it to you. I'd love to live with you and I've got some personal attractions that I'll reveal to you as soon as I arrive. Please send for me. I come in plain wrapping and I'll send your money back if you are not thrilled!



CANDY — 40" - 26" - 39"

JOY — 38" - 23" - 36"

- ☐ \$3 for 1 Party Girl
- ☐ \$5 for 2 Life Size Girls
- ☐ \$7 for 3 LUSCIOUS Girls
- ☐ \$13 for 6 Different and Exciting Party Girls.

For Rush order enclose \$50 extra. Send cash, check or M O GIFT KING, Dept. PG-578 P.O. BOX 2287 HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA 33022

LONELY MEN WANTED!

I know thousands of women who would be thrilled to meet a man like you. Hundreds to choose from... Write me for details. "Many attractive girls with means available TODAY... why wait?"

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclose \$1.00 for information
FRIENDSHIP UNLIMITED Dept. 2682
P.O. Box 48308, Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

Paradise Creations presents...

"JUST ENOUGH"

This delicate nylon lace Baby Doll provides fatal loveliness; specially designed to show just the right parts of you. Comes with matching split crotch, lace Bikini to complete this sensational teaser... \$7.98 Black-Red-White
Sizes: Small, Medium and Large

PARADISE CREATIONS
P.O. Box 1608
Hawallan Gardens,
Calif. 90715



Dept. 2682
Or send \$25
for illustrated
catalogs

Knocker, from page 75

nausea, vomiting, headache, drowsiness, a loose bowel, weakness and slow pulse. Death comes with paralysis of the nerve endings of the muscles, principally the involuntary muscles. What saves millions of us red-blooded (if somewhat slow-pulsed) American males is the fact that nicotine is volatilized in the pipe and hence most of it floats away on the breeze. (Or into the living room curtains.) Of all varieties of tobacco users, pipe smokers inhale the least. However, the pipe itself can become mysteriously and incurably poisoned—nicotinic—and has to be thrown away.

It is only the beginning smoker, the novice pipeman, who suffers nausea, leaking spit, sweating, vomiting and increased peristalsis. It is no worse than the pains a virgin suffers on defloration, and the unpleasantness is similarly shortly transformed by repetition of the act to periods of prolonged pleasure and satisfaction. Habitual performers on the roost seldom experience discomfort in the ordinary course of their relationship with the pipe, and only those who grossly overdo it complain of palpitation of the heart, nervous and digestive disturbances—noting that a good shot of Pepto Bismol won't clear up. We pay little attention also to the fact that our heart will stop—for one beat—occasionally. This is caused by smoking and is called *extrasytyle* by doctors. It is really an extra heartbeat, but the heart pauses to rest after the heavy beat caused by irritation to the ventricle, and it feels like a dropped beat. This is absolutely nothing to be alarmed about; we lay off too much smoking and too much coffee for a while and it goes away. According to Dr. Logan Clendening, the so-called "smoker's heart" is another affliction that is either "neurosis or a myth." Authorities do say, however, that strong smoke will often relieve an attack of asthma, and again, can be an excellent physic, if we happen to suffer from either of those congestions.

We realize in our relationship to the manly art of pipemanship the civilized difference between salivation and plain drooling. The former is stimulated by nicotine, the latter the manifestation of a personality defect; an urbane smoker keeps the spit from running down the shank into his bowl. If he doesn't he gets a wet dottle, the whole shebang starts to gurgle and slop, and sooner or later he sucks a slug of nasty brown and bitter pookie into his neck—gloop!—and it is heave-ho, lunces away! We need only recall Old King Cole, that merry

A NEW 8MM MOVIE STATUE OF LOVE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND REVEALING LOVE STORY EVER PUT ON FILM.

200 FT. 8MM COLOR \$25
200 FT. 8MM B & W \$15

COPA PRODUCTS
Dept. 2682 1350 N. Highland
Los Angeles, Calif. 90028



YOUNG STUFF!

OPENLY POSED
CLOSE—UPS

Blue Moon Dept.

DETAILS AND SAMPLE \$1 228 N. E. Moline Ave.
Pasadena, Calif. 91060
FILM OR PHOTOS

LOOK'EE HERE

My name is Mary Lou, and I have some of the most terrific photos around. You'll want to know this... I measure 38-23-36. I'll send you a sample for \$1.00 and I'll also write you a note telling you more about myself. You must be 21 years old and allow 30 days for personal checks. Mary Lou Rogers, 607 Market Street, Youngstown, Ohio 44502.

new! spanish fly

CANDY Dept. 2682

Eight (8) Pieces \$5.00

GROVE PRODUCTS
7806 SANTA MONICA BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD CALIF 90046

'INSTANT PETER'

In keeping with the modern trend towards automation we have developed a product which we call "Instant Peter." This of course is synthetic and is not designed to replace the original. However in a pinch we hope it will prove to be a satisfactory substitute. A good gift or gag item, \$1 each, 6 for \$5.

PIERRE, Dept. 2682
8512 WHITWORTH DRIVE LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90035

SWEDES... LOVELY GIRLS

IN BEAUTIFUL POSES. Original Photo in color \$10.00 — Set of 8 for \$8.00. Collection black and white \$2.00. Catalog of Photos, Magazines, Books in English and German print. Color Slides. Nudist Films.

50c US Stamps or Kupong

Write to HÅKAN
Box 3009, Norrköping 3, Sweden

MAKE BIG MONEY GAMBLING!

Is there a way to gamble so that you cannot lose? Absolutely yes! If you take a few minutes to learn the simple "secrets" of gambling, you can win a fortune! This new "inside" book on gambling tells you in simple terms how you can win BIG MONEY playing dice, cards, horses, roulette, even the stock market. Not for beginners, but for serious adults who want to win BIG MONEY. Send \$1.00 for your copy of THE WORLD'S GREATEST GAMBLING SYSTEMS. Fully guaranteed.

NATIONAL SHOPPER
BOX 69804 • L.A., CALIF. 90069 • DEPT. A-5

MORE FUN.
\$1.00
Postpaid

A parody of
MARITAL LOVE
12 MODERN POSITIONS

20th Century woman demands more. Here for the first time, fully illustrated, the unique positions modern man employs to keep her happy. Send a copy to all your friends. Shipped in a plain wrapper.

AD E BOOKS Box 11843 DEPT. AD-44
AMES AVE. STA. — OMAHA, NEBR. 68111

SUPER 8 MOVIES

If you own a super 8 movie projector,
write to Dept. 332-CD
LANES, Box 85, Hudson Heights,
North Bergen, N. J. Must be over 21

FIGHTING GIRLS

Films, photos, cartoons:
Send \$1. for list and sam-
ples to:
California Supreme
P.O. Box 38555
Hollywood, Calif. 90038

YOUNG GIRLS FROM DENMARK

High quality material •
Air-mail service—All new
color catalogues on
films, slides, photos,
magazines. Send \$2.00
to:
Peter Fleming, Box 613,
Copenhagen, Denmark

FREE! GENUINE NUDE AND
GLAMOUR PHOTOS THAT
CAN ONLY COME FROM LONDON'S
WEST-END. IN BRILLIANT AND SPAR-
KLING DETAIL. FREE SAMPLE AND IL-
LUSTATED LISTS APPLY TO: KINCURA
INDUSTRIES, 104A BRACKENBURY
ROAD, LONDON W. 6, ENGLAND. SEND
\$1.00 FOR SPECIAL RUSH DELIVERY
BY AIRMAIL IF REQUIRED.

72 UNCENSORED CANDID PHOTOS 1.00

AN ORIGINAL collection, UNCENSORED
AND UNRETOUCHED, of 72 wallet size CANDID
PHOTOS. (12 sets of 6 photos) every position
sharp and clear, as you like them, sent
prepared in a sealed envelope upon receipt
of \$1.00. No checks no C.O.D. orders, no
sample: Rush your \$1.00 today to:
LIV. WIRE MOVIES, P.O. Box 6
128 East Broadway Dept. 59 N.Y., N.Y. 10002

ALL PETERED OUT?

I HAVE 7 NEW
MARITAL PRODUCTS
THAT WILL THRILL
AND PLEASE YOU.

Asounding results with first use.
For facitful, illustrated brochure send \$1.00
(Refundable with first order)

F. C. SURGICAL SUPPLY CO.
8512 WHITWORTH DRIVE, SUITE 7
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90035
Dept. 2682

old soul, who called for his pipe and called for his bowl (for he must have been a drooler) and it took three fiddlers to diddle him out of his funk.

In the bottom of the bowl, in the heel of the pipe, is an unsmoked mass, moist from condensate, with no filtering in between. If we begin to suck in hot sparks, we know we have gone much too far. Cigarette smokers throw away butts, cigar smokers discard the last one-third, and pipe smokers knock out their dottle. We don't smoke the filter or the remaining portion of tobacco that serves as a filter. We knock out the dottle, never let it stay there, especially if hot and wet, and further, take to the shank and stem with a cleaner. We never set the hot pipe on a cold surface lest it crack open. That stuff leaking out could cause serious damage to household goods.

A patented filter in the shank is nice if we change it frequently, but otherwise it collects noxious liquids that settle in the heel. Another goo collector is the little aluminum nodule fitted into the stem by the manufacturer that is supposed to condense mephitic vapors, and the glop that collects is supposed to show us how swell it was that we didn't take it into our mouth. But we are supposed to vaporize the stuff, that's the idea of smoking and the whole idea of condensers is a fallacy, resulting at best in sloppy heel and at worst, involuntary peristalsis. We extract these foreign objects from a new pipe forthwith; enough collects naturally, without artificial help. We are an hygienic lot, very clean of habit and mind.

In an emergency, lacking a pipe-cleaner, we use match sticks, wires, hairpins, ignition keys, penknives, toothpicks, letter openers, ballpoint pens and other makeshifts to clear the draw and unblock the passage, clogged by the wrong kind of tobacco, drooling, or bad loading. We will do anything to get the thing going again; we might even pull out the bit and clear it by blowing it into a paper napkin. Then we go down into the shank with our improvised canula and afterwards wipe that on the filthied napkin. When the lines are clear we can put the napkin through a meat-grinder and smoke that. Sanitation is an art to be practiced unless we want to go into the hemlock bit.

These problems dictate the kind of pipes we favor. Obviously the Sherlock Holmes style curved-stem pipe multiplies the cleaning technique and we get into roto-rooting and — turn to page 80

40 Giant Nudist Photos For Framing!

THE GREATEST EVER

Guaranteed the most fabulous girls you've ever seen! Giant size, full color nudist photos ready to frame and boldly display in bar, club or den or just add this magnificent portfolio as the prize of your collection. It's the most amazing bargain of a lifetime—40 nudists, all different. 20 measure a full 13"x20" each, 20 measure 11"x16" each—all 40 while they last (offer cannot be repeated when supply exhausted) at the fantastic **\$2.00** bargain price of only

Your money back if not delighted. Rush \$2 to
PARIS IMPORTS, P.O. BOX 69690 Dept A-31
Los Angeles, California 90069

HOW ABOUT IT?

want to get to know me better? send \$1.00 for my photos.
Miss Jackie Rogers
PO Box 64724
Los Angeles, Calif. 90064
Dept. 2682

ALL 3 ADULT NOVELS

ONLY \$1.25

1 — THE THRILL CLUB!
2 — HE KISSED HER THERE.
3 — SEXVILLE.

MATURE ADULTS OVER 21 ONLY

C. & A. SALES Dept. 2682
P.O. BOX 84158 — L. A., CALIF. 90064

NEW NEW
beautiful natural photos
"From me to you... personally"

BMM films available also
send \$1.00 to
CATHY ARNOLD
P.O. Box 35416
Los Angeles, Calif. 90035
dept- 2682

ADAM'S TALES

ALSO IN THE MEADOWS

There was the flower girl who grew wild in the woods...

HOT BORSCHT CIRCUIT

The girls go to the mountain resorts to look for husbands—and the husbands go to look for girls.

HONEYMOON HAZARD

They went to Niagara Falls, and she found it wasn't as big as she expected, either.



TOP FLIGHT CALL GIRL

She was cocky and high priced, so she was called the proud bird with the golden tail.



POWDER ROOM PUFF

The two girls had left their dates at the table in the nightclub to refresh their makeup in the ladies lounge. One was good looking, the other a little plain, and a little jealous of the other's popularity. To needle her, she asked, "Do you really know why you're so popular?"

The sharp-looking girl, admiring herself in the mirror, said smugly, "My complexion?"

"No."

"How about my shape?"

"No."

"Personality?"

"No."

Vexed, she said, "I give up."

"Right."

LOW MILEAGE

"Now here," said the enterprising used furniture salesman, "is a bed just like new that was owned by a little old lady in Pasadena."

GOOD GUESS

"If I do say yes," she whispered huskily, "will you still love me after we're married?"

He hesitated, then said cautiously, "I believe so, because I've always been fond of married women."



WISDOM OF THE FAR EAST

A young French woman journalist, eager to partake of every possible experience, one evening ran into a handsome devil of an oriental type in a bar.

Learning of her search for the unusual, he murmured, "If you will come with me, mademoiselle," and sighed languorously, "I will love you a la Pakistan."

"Delighted," she said, "And what might a la Pakistan be?"

"Oh," he averred, "it is absolutely marvelous!"

Overcome with curiosity, the young lady went along to his apartment, which turned out to be furnished almost entirely of silky cushions strewn about in luxuriant confusion.

"Just relax," he said hypnotically, and he retired to another chamber. She stretched out expectantly across several cushions, redolent of spice and incense, and eagerly awaited his return.

He came in shortly in a gold brocade tunic and a white silk turban and sank languorously down beside the young woman, bent close to her and whispered, "I will now caress your navel with my tongue..."

She sat up, dismayed. "What," she cried, "is that all?"

He smiled unperturbed, and added, "From the inside, of course."



"Doctor, I've been waking up lately with a sort of depressed feeling."

ADAM LOOKS AT SPORTS



QUICK HITTER



WOBBLY KICKOFF



FIELD GOAL ATTEMPT



UPSET IN THE MAKING



OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

NUDIST

UNRETouched MOVIES Illustrated Catalog of Films & Slides ☐ 10¢

SAMPLE MAGAZINES ☐ \$1.25
NUDIST TODAY: 52 big pages. 8 in full color.

CALENDARS **SUNDIAL** ☐ \$1.50
Brilliant full-color photos throughout. 8" x 11"

FINEST STIFF COVER ITEMS

BOOKS Collector's Item ☐ \$4

EXPOSURE & DESIGN PHOTOGRAPHS ☐ \$2
A magazine for photo fans.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

FREE: WITH THE FACTS

NUDIST FACT FINDER 75¢
NUDIST EXPLAINED 35¢
BOTH for only \$1

MAIL CHECK, CASH OR MONEY ORDER
SUN WEST BOX 85204, DEPT. D-5-4
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90072

Confidential Contacts

ADULTS-MALES-FEMALES worldwide directory OFF-BEAT, BIZARRE, UNIQUE, PECULIAR, ECCENTRIC, UNUSUAL, Clubs, Photos, Books, Slides, Movies, Models. Rare sources of UN-RETACHED NUDES of both sexes in their ABSOLUTELY NATURAL FORM. Includes 3 PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BROCHURES LOADED with PHOTOS.



Send Just \$1.00 to K.M.C. Dept. D-5
7257 E. JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT, MICH. 48214

BILL PROBLEMS?

WE CAN HELP YOU - TODAY
NOBODY REFUSED UP TO \$18,000.00

Bad Credit No Problem • Not a Loan Co.

Send Your Name and Address For FREE Application
To Nearest Office

INTERNATIONAL ACCEPTANCE, Dept. M-77

★ 5133 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85012, ★
119 Ann St., Hartford, Conn. 06103, ★
★ 507 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La. 70130
or 506 Victoria Ave., Windsor, Ontario, Canada ★

GET 42 SETS of 12 PHOTOS

504 PHOTOS
LOW ALL
FOR ONLY \$1

Full detail to aid artists,
anatomy students, photographers!
Why pay \$500+ more?
Fantastic bargain
guaranteed no money
back! Rush \$1 to:

**SENSATIONAL
PHOTO OFFER**
Box 69744, Dept. S-17
Hollywood, 69, Cal.



Knocker, from page 77

plumbing snakes. The curved-stem job doesn't do much to enhance the youthful profile either; chaps with mustaches like them, though, especially our Canadian friends. Also physics professors. But there are other choices dictated by expediency; we choose the push-in style bits over the screw-in kind characterized by a silver band at the joint. The metal threading and the rest of it, again, condenses the goo inside. We have to unscrew after every smoke and decontaminate the area. Constantly separating the stem from the shank wears out the fit, resulting in early stem flab-out, and we kill the thing we love. We learn to knock dottle by holding the pipe short, lest we crack off the stem and the whole thing is kapootz.

Ignoring the calabash smokers, who are intent only in reducing their ivory-colored gourd to a nut brown, we briar addicts strive to make cake in our wood. That is, we smoke and smoke and after a time we start building up a crust on the inner surfaces of our bowl. This is supposed to mellow the smoke, insulate against heat, thus protecting the "absorbency" of the wood, and provide us with a realizable goal of achievement. The idea is to cake it evenly, all the way down, but since we don't smoke down to the last drops, the cake all forms in the top two-thirds. At this point, if we have steamers and cleaners, we now need reamers, and thus we are reamed, steamed and cleaned. We pare down some, not all, of the cake, unless we are ostentatious with the girls about our mystic rites and we have a pipe so caked up we cannot force the little finger down the pit. Lots of cake means "veteran smoker" to lots of guys, and they wear it like a badge.

The nervous suck happens to be a common hazard in this game, causing an incineration like a welding flame in the bowl, and this is where the stinging tongue bite is born. It likewise destroys whatever absorbent or "breathing" quality the pipe has. If pipe smokers seem to be largely calm, thoughtful people, it is only because the nervous types burn themselves out of the game in its early stages, leaving only the most easygoing. The nervous ones bite through their bits and chew off their stems; they smoke more matches than tobacco, lighting and re-lighting their shag, and try to smoke out the last soggy bit of tobacco cum drool, and generally make themselves miserable. The thin, stringy tobacco used in cigarettes is not fit for a pipe, although many foreign brands are like that—which burn hot. A slower burning, more healthful tobacco is cut

ADULTS ONLY!

Send for your
FREE
illustrated catalogues
NOW
Enclose \$1 for postage

Write to:

EKBERG, INT.,
Box 19116, Stockholm 19,
SWEDEN

SWEDISH TEENAGE MODELS in
exciting and daring poses. Send
for giant illustrated catalog on
films, photos, slides, books and
magazines. Only \$2.00
C.O.D. If you want samples too,
add \$3.00.



N.B. • ADULTS ONLY • N.B.
SWED-PRESENT AB BOX 45052
STOCKHOLM 45, SWEDEN

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

The kind YOU will enjoy. Each one of these
booklets is size 3x4 1/2 and is ILLUSTRATED
with 8 page cartoon ILLUSTRATIONS of COMIC
CHARACTERS and is full of fun and en-
tertainment. 20 of these booklets ALL DO-
FERENT sent prepaid in plain envelope upon
receipt of \$1.00. No checks or C.O.D. orders.

TREASURE NOVELTY CO. Dept. 4
182 Knickerbocker Station New York 2, N.Y.

BROADMINDED

WOMEN - COUPLES - MEN

This is your chance to get far out—away from
everyday humdrum existence. Meet sophisticated
individuals and couples with unusual interests and
desires. Have exciting experiences with sincere,
intelligent people. Get in with small groups whose
interests and desires parallel yours—DEFINITELY
Q.U.B.E.A.T. Interested? Send stamped, self-addressed
envelope to: DOT, c/o C&W, Box 6687-Y, Chicago,
Ill. 60680

PLAYING CARD SIZE CANDID PHOTOS

100
THIN
PAID

An uncensored set of 48 candid photos (Play-
ing card size) original and unretouched, on
glossy paper, every pose sharp and clear,
every position revealed in detail, as you
like them. Sent in sealed envelope. No sam-
ples, no checks, no C.O.D. orders. Rush
\$1.00 cash or Money Order, for complete set
TAMAR, 3 Orchard St. Dept 18 N.Y. 2, N.Y.

"HELLO"

I would like to tell you about some photos I
had taken of myself. I'm a brunette, I measure
39-23-37, and for \$1.00 I'll send you a
sample and a letter to give you an idea of
what I look like. No personal checks, and you
must be 21 years old. Send to Arlene Barry,
607 Market Street, Youngstown, Ohio 44502.

Discipline Devotees



FANTASTIC NEW FILMS
PHOTOS FOR
LOVERS
OF THE BIZARRE
CONSIDERABLE A SERIOUS
COLLECTOR ONLY
SEND \$2.50 FOR
ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE
200 B&W FILM 514
PHOTO SET \$1

**Rosslyn
News**

POST OFFICE BOX 1001 STUDIO CITY, CALIFORNIA 91060
Dept. 2682

FUCOID

Fucoid is a weed Rockweed, and you are a vegetable if you don't tune in on what's happening now! This is your one rare opportunity to experience the truth about the "gay world," drugs, pornography, sex, AC DC relationships, free love societies, and even personal offers from uninhibited adults that are real, not laked... plus all that is really happening in this unvarnished, uncensored world of oilbeat real in this world's boldest, most fantastic underground journal. This offer is made to broadminded, discreet adults who are looking for the oilbeat and unusual. Guaranteed to delight you. Each copy \$1.00. Order yours now!

D.P. Co., Dept. A-5 Box 115 • L.A., Calif. 90075

I HAVE THE BEST 8mm MOVIE IN HOLLYWOOD

50 FT. B & W\$4.00
50 FT. COLOR\$8.00
or 25c for sample & brochure

N & A--Box 64232

Dept. 2682 Los Angeles, California 90064

YOUNG ENGLISH GIRL

wants to hear from any gentleman interested in obtaining photos, slides, negs or films of an interesting nature. Send no money, just write to Miss V. Engholm, 41 Beak St., London W.1, England.



"I WANT TO BE FRIENDLY - DON'T YOU?"
Send 50¢ for photo & letter.
SANDY BEACH, P.O. Box 5396, Dept. 1616
Mission Hills, Calif. 91340
(adults only) Dept. 2682

"I HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM DENMARK."

My name is Lisa and I have an unusual collection of films, photos, etc. Send only \$1.00 for samples.

LISA, Dept. 2682
906 Santa Monica Blvd., Rm. 204
West Hollywood, Calif. 90046

BLOOD SWINGER

I'm a swinger! blond named Vickie, with the amazing measurements of 42-25-38. I want to meet some new friends that I can exchange ideas with, and for the occasion I had a real groovy set of photos made up. If you want to see this blond swinger in action, send \$2.00 for my set. No personal checks please.

VICKIE KAHLE, P.O. Box 1345
WARREN, OHIO - 44482, Dept. A-5

SWINGING NUDIST PAIR

will sell own film cheap! Sample strip and information 25¢
8mm 50 foot COLOR FILM \$3.00

PAT 1350 No. Highland Ave.
Dept. A-5 Hollywood, Calif. 90028

"INSTANT SEX"

In keeping with the modern trend towards automation, we have developed a product which we call "Instant Sex". This, of course, is synthetic, and is not designed to replace the original. However, in a pinch, we hope it will prove to be a satisfactory substitute. A great gift or gag item. \$1 each; 6 for \$5.

15¢. Dept. 2682
8512 Whitworth Drive
Los Angeles, Calif. 90035

chunky and can be used in thinner bowls.

Small bowls and thin-wall bowls are often chosen for how the smoker looks with a pipe, like one would choose a walking stick or eyeglasses. No sybarite will be happy with too many of that kind in his wardrobe, as we want the protection of briar at the point where most of the burning takes place. The extra wood helps carry off the heat. If we are going to smoke hot we might as well smoke cigarettes and get the well known dread disease. A heavier pipe is a drag on the muzzle and hard on the dentures but easy on the throat. We remember during the cancer scare that women heard the pipe was less hazardous to health and a big demand built up for women's pipes. Pipes for women turned out to be delicate little things with hardly enough capacity for a dozen good puffs; they smoked, with their thin shells, hotter than a pint of chili peppers, and the whole had went out the window in a few months.

Women like a pipe the most when it is jugged into the chops of the male; perhaps they like to see something sticking out on their men. We have seen a nightclub stripper grind her way through a gang of press club boys to get at a chap feverishly smoking his bulldog, in order to stroke the bottom of his bowl for him, very *exotique*, her lips rocking meanwhile like a brigantine on a bad night off Cape Hatteras. Symbolic.

Pipe smoking is one of the few distinguishing marks of maleness left in our civilization today, where even the hairy chest is under cover. Women can wear pants, women from UNCLE can wreck as many THURST agents as men from UNCLE, women can be plumbers, give parking tickets, and women can smoke cigarettes. But they can't smoke a pipe and it's *vive la difference*, sex-wise. The erotic element extends to the smoker himself to some degree, and it has often been said that nursing on a pipe may represent his desire for a breast substitute, or for a "sugar tit" as grandma used to call it when she slipped him a pacifier. As sex researcher Kinsey said, "Sexual stimulation may involve...end organs of touch. Such 'crogenous zones' are most prominent on the lips, the interior of the mouth and on the tongue..." We are weaned...and then, sooner or later, we go back to those swell infantile days and start sucking on a pipe.

The pipe industry puts out probably fourteen million pipes a year, and surely they could make a

- turn to page 82

5 NEW Exciting

Marital Relations Products For Men

REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY! — Thousands of satisfied users! Do you sometimes find it difficult to perform your marital duties? Well, it could be because of age or fatigue. Now, there is a way to avoid embarrassment and enjoy yourself, too, regardless of your age. You can now satisfy the woman in your life (just as if you were 21). No drugs, no pills, you wear it externally! It will produce a sensation and stimulation never thought possible. For illustrated brochures and complete detailed information send \$1.00, refundable on first order, to Mason Products, P.O. Box 5013, Dept. A-5 San Mateo, Calif. 94402.

STUDY TO BE A DOCTOR of Psychology or Metaphysics

Obtain a Ph.D., M.A., D.D., or Ph.D. Be a Teacher, Lecturer or Practitioner. Teach others how to achieve Health, Happiness, and Prosperity. Charter for life. Correspondence courses only. Write for FREE booklet.

THE NEOTARIAN FELLOWSHIP
Desk "AM" P.O. Box 8707, Kansas City, Mo. 64114



STOP SEARCHING

STOP SEARCHING for those hard to find Pin-Up photos. Just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

JOHNSON, Dept. 14
P.O. Box 1134
Reading, Penna. 19603

SCANDINAVIAN BEAUTIES.

COLOR SLIDES • PHOTOS • MOVIES

FIGURE STUDY • ART PHOTOS, ETC.
FOR INFORMATION AND INTERESTING \$1.99
BROCHURE WITH SAMPLES SEND

JARNOLD BOX 12103, STOCKHOLM 12, SWEDEN

ORIGINAL UNCENSORED UNRETouched PHOTOS

We have the photos you want. If you are looking for original, UNCENSORED and UNRETouched photos of luscious girls POSED in FASCINATING positions specially selected for their APPEAL TO DIFFERENT POSERS sharp and clear on 4x5 glossy paper only \$1.00 or 24 for \$2.00. Last different. No orders sent.

CASETTA 2 Allen St. Dept. 18 N.Y. 3, N.Y.

UNUSUAL ITEMS

We have the most Unusual Items and entertainment for adults over 21 ever offered. For illustrated brochures rush 35c to:

ELIAS—Dept. 14
P.O. Box 330, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

SEXCITING PARTY GAMES!!



Fun for Swinging Guys & Gals

Really different games to turn any party into the swinger of the year! Just terrific for a twosome or a weekend group. For complete, descriptive instructions for games that really make close friends... closer, send \$1.00 to JEAN WILL - 8512 Whitworth Drive Suite 7, Los Angeles, Calif. 90035

MAKE A GIRL NUDIST

Your Friend - Enjoy Our Uninhibited Way of Life
Like surprise? ... the fun of making fast friends? Then join our Private Little Nudist Club! Let us reach you ... show you everything, about the healthful, zealous Nudist Way. Select the gal in our group who appeals to you most (we're all very friendly!) Our films and pics are truly unusual, educational, too and depict in wide variety and action, new aspects of the Nudist Movement. Both in and out, of doors. See what we have to offer ... you'll never settle for less! Write today, please, for our Free Surprise Gift and Club details. (And won't you enclose just 10c for handling?) Thank you.

Louise

P.S. Why not drop me a personal note? You'll get one in reply. Honest!

Louise Miller and Friends, Dept. 2730
P.O. Box 29143 Hollywood, Calif. 90029

FREE
Surprise
Gift!

BURLESQUE MOVIE

GREATEST EVER FILMED

The girl who never stops, beautiful, sensational, unbelievable Honey Bee must be seen to be appreciated—money back if not the best you've ever seen! Send \$3 for full length 8mm movie.

TIGER PRODUCTION LAB
BOX 69993, DEPT. 0-28 HOLLYWOOD 69, CALIF.

SAMPLE FILM \$1.00 BROCHURE 25c

Very Mature Females

DOING IT ALL - AND - DOING IT RIGHT
LUV DEPT. BOX 1583 BURBANK, CALIF. 91505

FORCED TO STRIP
AND THEN DANCE **Naked Slave**

COMPLETE FILMS
1/\$3.00 - 2/\$5.00
SOLO DEPT. 2730 Box 8471 Universal City, Calif. 91608

Male UNUSUAL ACTION IN
CLOSE-UP DETAIL

AND Special Material & Film \$2.00
DELTA DEPT. BOX 1224
Burbank, Calif. 91505

Female

NAKED - IN POSITION **Working Girls**

THE HARD WAY
Sample \$1.00 8mm Films
ATZECT DEPT. 2730 Box 8356 Universal City, Calif. 91608

Very Young Girls NAKED CLOSE-UPS
ALL THE WAY 8mm FILMS

Sample \$1.00 - Brochure 25c
SURE DEPT. 2730
Box 1062 BURBANK, CALIF. 91505

WOMEN-42+ FULL NUDE
IN THE ACT

Sample Film \$1.00 - Stills \$1.00
BAJA DEPT. 2730 Box 1581 Burbank, Calif. 91505

HEIL HEIDI!

DEVIL GIRL OF GERMANY WHO
SOLD HER SOUL FOR FREEDOM.

PHOTOS \$1.00



HEIDI

8512 WHITWORTH DR.

SUITE 7

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



Dept. 2682

Are You Broad-Minded????

(My Boyfriend And I Are)

WE ARE NUDISTS WITH A NEW IDEA IN 8mm HOME MOVIES AND STILLS. WE KNOW WHAT YOU WANT AND WE WILL DELIVER. Write for sample.
CATHY C. DEPT. 2730 P.O. Box 69915
Los Angeles, Calif. 90069

ENJOY THE DELIGHTS OF EXCITING SEXUAL UNION

Regardless of age, handicap, fatigue, you can now completely satisfy the woman in your life. Our brand new (medically tested & approved) marital aid products (prothesis) allow both partners to experience the wonderful feeling of mutual satisfaction! Don't let fears, inhibitions, impotency, embarrassment rob you of the joy & beauty that is undeniably yours. Not drugs, pills or books, but real, guaranteed externally worn prothesis. Act now! Send \$1.00 for illustrated brochure & information.

UNITED SUPPLIES

1115 S. La Cienega Boulevard
Los Angeles, Calif. 90035 Dept. 2682

"YOUNG AND BUSTY"

...and I want you
to see me
for yourself.

Send \$1.00 for my photos,
(that is...if you're man enough.)

TIFFANY FONTAINE
Suite 7 Dept. 2682
8512 Whitworth Drive
Los Angeles, Calif.,
90035

Knocker, from page 81

few with plastic nipples. Actually they are running out of something more important than that—the briar root itself. The demand is outrunning the supply. The really good root is going into \$50 pipes and the least even-grained, worst briar roots are left for the \$2.50 to \$5 trade, with chips patched over, cuts filled in, cracks disguised and a grain that is painted on. We have to watch what we are buying, and the guy who invents a decent substitute is going to make a million. Some pipes taste like they were turned from a chair leg, and a good smoker, like a good woman, is hard to find. We may yet have to fall back on the ancient custom of smoking pipes made of iron, of clay, of porcelain, of deer-hoof, of meerschaum (a hydrous silicate of magnesium) and of calabash (a kind of gourd). Or a muton-bone or hollowed-out hockey stick. Some of us are buying cherrywood pipes, thinking they are briar. The ones that are frankly and openly made of that inferior substance are usually sold with the bark still on. They are no relation to the rosewood pipe, cut from the delicately scented Brazilian rosewood tree, a purple-brown wood giving a delicate, if bitter, taste to the smoke. The wood is so scarce they are no longer made. There is always, of course, the corncob, but there is something ridiculously old-fashioned about it, and a rustic symbolism, so we leave those to the night watchman and the wardrobe mistress at the Roseland.

Searchers after the rare and exotic have even tried the *hookah*, a water pipe from the Near East, and the *nargileh* with its arrangement to suck a charcoal-fired dose of murderously strong Turkish tobacco through perfumed water by way of a long hose. And there is the *hubble-bubble*, if we can't find a briar, consisting of a cup mounted on a coconut in which there is a hole serving as a mouthpiece. There is water in the coconut. These experiments all end in disaster; water does something horrible to tobacco smoke and the hose adds an aftertaste even more revolting. The total effect is something like drawing wind from the lungs of a corpse.

We will have to stick to briar until something better comes along and try to treat the pipe as a noble friend, even though we are its servant.

Most of us want a good-looking, sweet-smoking friend, but primarily we want to protect our erogenous zones. After all, we are spending \$60 million annually on pipes, and the trade takes in over \$450 million a year on those and all the accessories, so we need something more than relief from asthma.

STRANGE

WOMEN

PART 1 PART 2 PART 3 PART 4 PART 5

FILMS ARE 8MM B&W • \$8.00 EACH PART • SPECIAL ALL 5 PARTS \$30.00
GABLES INTERNATIONAL • 7471 Metro Ave., Dept. 2730 • Hollywood 27, Calif.

COMING UP IN THE NEXT ADAM

THE PLAY-FOR-PAY GIRLS OF TAIPEI

What do G.I.'s do when they take their leave from fighting in Vietnam? ADAM gets an exclusive close-up of the leading R&R (rest and recreation) center in Taiwan. As author Robert J. Kraft says: "... the four horsemen that dominate this particular playground are squalor, filth, dysentery and venereal disease." Read about the bars, night-clubs and the ladies of the evening who take our soldiers' minds from the war.

WHAT MEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WOMEN


Do women have an orgasm? Eugene Bradley explodes the myths created by America's double standard, relates the facts of a woman's coital experience, and examines her sexual responses, revealing the differences and similarities of the sexes.

DO YOUR THING, MAN

How has the flower-powered guitar affected you? The revolution of the tuned-in and turned-on is thoroughly explored by author Theodore Street. A penetrating study of the social, sexual and artistic influence of the love generation.



Lee de Jounge and other uncover girls provide fine cover for next month's pages.



IN THIS ISSUE OF ADAM: George Blake, a spy who escaped from the cold (p. 22), a soldier's first kill is the hardest (p. 26), a telephone hangs up a company man (p. 54), a queen loses her head over sex (p. 10), girls tease your naked eye (p. 4, 18, 38, and 70), and THE FOX is a symbol of manhood (p. 46).



Enjoy another classic from the Yootha Archive

Discover more amazing collections in our **eBay shop**

<http://stores.ebay.co.uk/Yootha-Archive-of-Vintage-and-Retro>

or at **www.yootha.com**